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Britain's Fake Deterrent

THE military argument for an independent British deterrent has never been strong. In the early 1950s, it might have been argued that Soviet short-range bases in East Germany, aimed directly at Britain, had a relatively low priority on the US target-list, and therefore demanded an independent, British-controlled means of destroying them. But since the Soviet ballistic breakthrough, British and US target areas in Russia have become virtually identical, and an independent British contribution has therefore become operationally irrelevant—except in the unimaginable circumstances of Britain engaging Russia in solitary combat. The case for the British deterrent therefore rests entirely on grounds of prestige.

This secondary argument is not entirely absurd. In a rough world, in which Britain seeks to play a mediating role, the possession of a nuclear striking capacity may be useful if only because it allows us to resist threats. But this argument hangs upon two assumptions: first, that the deterrent is convincing; secondly, that it can be obtained at a cost which still leaves Britain with the equally important economic means to pursue this role. Unfortunately, for a power Britain's size, these two conditions cancel each other out. We can, and have, obtained the deterrent on the cheap; but it is not convincing—and therefore does not deter. Moreover, though we scraped into the nuclear club as a sort of country member, the gloomy moment has come when we must renew our subscription—which has been dramatically increased.

A growing awareness of these harsh facts prompted the anxious meeting in Downing Street this week. The original concept of the British deterrent was a force of 200 V-bombers and the H-bombs to go with them. We now find we have less than half the bombers, and no operational bombs at all—those that have been manufactured are still being earmarked for testing purposes. Moreover, by the time we get the bombs, the V-bombers will be obsolete. This week, therefore, Mr Sandys was forced to concede the RAF demand to go ahead with a new 'generation' of manned bombers. These 1,200 mph planes could cost as much as £20 million each, and they will be required in vast numbers: the essence of the deterrent is offence in depth—there must be sufficient bombers to ensure that an effective proportion gets through.

There was even worse news for Mr Macmillan. The agreement to share US secrets which he negotiated earlier this year was expected to result in economies in our defence spending. Paradoxically, it is likely to have the opposite effect. For analysis of the information received reveals the appalling breadth and depth of the defence effort the US is now forced to undertake to keep up with the Soviet Joneses. Even ignoring the £20,000 million which the US is contemplating spending on civil defence, the multiplicity of the offensive lines of inquiry—each in the $1,000 million range—came as a shock to the government. They now realise that, if Britain is to continue to possess an independent deterrent, we must buy not only new manned bombers but an armoury of fixed-site Blue Streak missiles, an armoury of mobile land missiles (as yet undreamt-of), and a fleet of nuclear submarines capable of delivering the Polaris missile. Each means of delivery, moreover, requires a different warhead, which means we must make four sets of H-bombs instead of one. Some of them may not work: but all must be pursued, because each may prove to be the decisive weapon. Mr Macmillan's chagrin may be compared to that of a father whose wife has unexpectedly been delivered of quadruplets.

He now has three choices. The first—to buy the lot—he will have to reject purely on financial grounds. The second choice would be to resign from the club; but this would mean admitting the fallacy of the entire Sandys policy, which he himself devised. Unfortunately, there is a third choice, and the one Mr Macmillan is likely to adopt. By sponging on US defence secrets, by producing a handful of Blue Streaks and one or two nuclear submarines, and by tinkering with a few mysterious 'projects', he can maintain the illusion of the British deterrent while keeping the cost manageable. This will not, of course, deceive the Russians; but it may be enough to convince Tory back-benchers that their Miracle Man is still putting the Great back in Britain.

Comments on the Week's News

Looking for a Policy

This year's annual review of Nato – to be attended by western foreign ministers in Paris next week – will be almost as anxious as the post-Sputnik Heads of State conference in 1957. Though the West is agreed to stand firm in Berlin, it is sharply divided on how to react when Russia hands over to the East Germans next year. Dr Adenauer insists that no recognition whatsoever be accorded to East German officials and that the West take counter-measures, such as recalling their Moscow ambassadors; he has also explicitly stated that he is unwilling to discuss Berlin with the Russians in a general German context. The British view, apparently shared by Mr Dulles, is that East German officials should be regarded as Soviet 'agents'. The Foreign Office believes the best tactic is to 'play down' the crisis; but, as Mr Selwyn Lloyd stated last week, if Berlin is to be discussed with Russia, then reference must be made to the division of Germany. The settlement of these differences will not be easy, and some observers are now arguing that the real object of the Soviet diplomatic offensive was precisely to exploit this latent split in the western camp. Moreover, it now seems likely that, in consequence, disengagement will be seriously debated, for the first time, at a Nato conference. Though the new 'plan' outlined by Mr Selwyn Lloyd last week is absurdly unrealistic, it does contain one concession – a guarantee not to move troops into the eastern zone of a reunified Germany, and to scale down troops and arms in the western zone. There is a chance, too, that with the recent accession of liberal strength in Congress, Mr Dulles also may prove more flexible. Finally, Herr Brandt's striking success in the Berlin elections can be interpreted as a decisive rejection, by those who have most at stake, of Dr Adenauer's sterile Cold War attitude.

Breakthrough at Geneva

Hopes of real agreement on disarmament have been dashed so inexorably in the past, even after apparent signs of progress, that it would be unwise to rejoice prematurely at events in the Geneva test-ban conference. But now that the deadlock over the agenda has been broken, the drafting of the treaty is proceeding at a steady pace, and mutual confidence, perhaps the most important element in any negotiation on disarmament, seems to be growing. The first article, which provides for the 'prohibition' of tests, was signed (in a US version) after (1) Russia had agreed that negotiations should proceed simultaneously on banning and control and that the control clauses should contain detailed, technical provisions; and (2) the West had conceded that agreement on banning and control should be embodied in two separate articles. Once this hurdle had been passed, the second article, under which the three powers agree to submit to control provisions, presented little difficulty, and it was signed on Monday. The delegates have now reached the crux of the conference: the types and operation of controls. It is already clear that Russia is now prepared to submit to some form of detailed controls – or at any rate to embody them in the treaty – but there are significant differences between the Anglo-US and Soviet drafts. These centre round (1) Russian insistence on a unanimity clause in the decisions of the Control Commission, which the West argues would give Russia a veto on the Commission's right to investigate an unidentified explosion; (2) the right of non-nuclear powers to contract-in and the role they would play on the commission. The second point raises the whole problem of China. Clearly, a test-ban to which China was not a signatory would be ineffective, for there would be nothing to stop Russia carrying out tests on Chinese territory. But equally, China cannot be expected to sign a self-denying agreement with a power which does not recognise her, or submit to inspection under the auspices of an organisation to which she is refused admittance. The final obstacle is the US insistence that the ban be renewable from year to year and conditional on progress in other disarmament fields. The conference has agreed to by-pass this for the present, but as the concessions accumulate, the US attitude begins to look less and less defensible.

Strike Verdict

The report of the inquiry into the BOAC strike last September is a curious document. Wherever it touches upon the defects in management at London Airport it minimises them; wherever it deals with the activities of the shop stewards, or even of union officials, it enlarges upon their 'disruptive' and mischievous' attitude. The only important exception to this general bias is the court's admission that, two days after the strike began, the unions offered a resolution which gave the chance of a quick settlement, and that the employers are 'open to some criticism' for failing to take this up. In particular, the court considered it 'singularly unfortunate' that Sir Gerard d'Erlanger refused to meet the National Joint Council. This is important because it shows that the union side was making a serious effort to reach an agreement; short of joining Mr Jim Mathews and the employers in an effort to smash the strike and destroy the shop-stewards' committee, there was not much else the unions could have done. The delays and indecisions that they had already encountered while pressing their wage-claim had created a very bad atmosphere at London Airport – a situation which played into the hands of a small group of Communists, but was not of their making. By concentrating on the 'disruption' caused by Mr Sid Maitland, a matter which played a relatively small part in the actual inquiry, the court has failed to give a balanced picture of the breakdown of management-labour relations in BOAC.

Report on Stagnation

The OEEC report on the British economy, which covers the 18 months up to last June, contains nothing sensational, but confirms what is known from other sources. It expects the recession to get rather worse during the next few months, but not to pass into serious depression, and it looks forward to some recovery next year. It makes clear that last year's run on the pound sterling has definitely disappeared, and considers that the revival in demand could even go some way without provoking any further run on sterling. But it holds out no prospects of really cheap money. It considers that the government's recent measures to encourage expansion, including the abolition of hire purchase restrictions and fall in the bank rate, have given some stimulus to consumer demand, especially for motor cars, but that they have as yet had little on the industries providing capital goods or on investment demand. The report expresses some disappointment at the failure of productivity to rise despite recent expansions in productive capacity, and seems to expect that total production will continue to stagnate for some time, partly because of an anticipated fall in exports. It points out that the improvement in the balance of trade has been due entirely to the sharp fall in the prices of imports of materials, which has reacted very adversely on less developed countries.

NEXT WEEK

Confessions of an Egghead

by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Block Grant

Since the government first proposed to combine the percentage grants for specific local authority services, the Labour Party and most council officials have regarded the block grant as a device for reducing the Treasury share of local expenditure. At first sight this does not seem to be borne out by the General Grant Order, discussed in parliament on Monday, which accepts almost unchanged the 'realistic estimates' of expenditure for 1959-61 provided by local authorities earlier this year: it even includes the recent five per cent. pay offer to teachers. By 1959-60, the block grant will be £393m. out of a total estimated expenditure of £707m. – a Treasury percentage which is only fractionally below the average in recent years. One reason for this comparative generosity is the need to stimulate public investment: another may be the desire to avoid any sharp increase in local rates in a year when there are to be municipal, and possibly general, elections. But 1961 is the key date. Under the revaluation due that year, houses will be assessed at their current rental values for the first time since 1933. The 20 per cent. derating of shops and offices will come to an end. And the time will be ripe for industrial derating to be cut below 50 per cent., or even to be abolished. It will then be possible for the Treasury to shift a much greater share of the cost of local services on to the rates. The claim that rates have risen less than any other major cost since 1939 is an ominous portent.

The Democratic Line

The liberal wing of the Democratic Party intends to make the most of the two years before the presidential election. At the meeting of the Democratic National Committee last week-end, the party leaders took a far stronger line than ever before on civil rights, formally endorsing the Supreme Court decisions against segregation, calling for the reopening of southern schools that have been closed to prevent integration, and making it clear that in January there would be a serious attempt to change the Senate rules which permit the South to filibuster against legislation it dislikes. The Committee has thus endorsed the stand taken by its chairman, Mr Paul Butler, in the recent elections, and it is prepared to run the risk of a serious inner-party feud.

Though the Republicans believe that a stand-up fight between the two wings of the Democrats may give an impression of two-faced confusion that will lose the Democrats votes, they may well be wrong. In recent years, Democrats in the North have lost votes because they have had to make public compromises with the Dixiecrats: they now believe that, with the tide setting their way, it is possible to win the presidency and a majority of Congress without giving way to southern blackmail. These tactics may thus force the South to choose between a breakaway movement and grudging acceptance of party unity in order to retain the material and political benefits that flow from membership of the Democratic Party.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Swansea

Death by Accountancy

W. John Morgan writes: On the face of it the Coal Board's case in closing six mines and partly closing a seventh in Wales might seem to be impeccable. Since Vesting Day, these pits between them have lost £11 million: the Cwmllynfell anthracite mine has been losing 88s. on every ton produced in 1958. So one sets off up-valley from here to visit that part of the anthracite coalfield which is going to be severely affected, feeling that it's sad it's true, but the pity is that it *is* true and some thousand men are going to be put on the dole through inexorable economic forces.

In the villages of Garnant, Gwaun-cae-Gurwen and Cwmllynfell, which lie in a kind of saucer high in the hills – the moorland rolling away, the lovely sweep of the Towy valley just over the mountain – the situation is interpreted so differently that one might suppose a conspiracy exists between Coal Board and government designed to destroy these villages' very existence. One grants that here in a Welsh-speaking, intensely nonconformist area where all motives and behaviour are rigorously, perhaps over-rigorously scrutinised, and where a turn-of-the-century idealism still survives and still turns sour, an improbable kind of standard is looked-for in industrial relations; but even so, when all concessions have been made to local conditions, enough still remains in the miners' criticisms to make them worth listening to.

Some are technical. Anthracite coal, it's argued, does not permit mechanised working of the kind the Board has introduced at the Steer and Cwmllynfell pits because the seams are irregular and because the machines tend to powder the coal. Parkinson's Law is operating, it's alleged, on an absurd scale. Thousands of bureaucrats – managers, inspectors, office boys and girls, all with big cars – are living off the backs of the miner. The manager in the pit has become a cipher, running to HQ for every decision, and, what's more, the managers are soft-coal men unacquainted with the techniques of anthracite. The Board does not like the men at these mines – here the ground grows treacherous – simply because they are independent, are 'trade-union minded'.

More general issues are whether or not nationalisation of an industry predicates that the industry, or the nation, should take upon itself the responsibility for maintaining pits like these, even if they do make a financial loss. In this particular case the argument is given added point. Three miles down the road from the Steer pit is the Abernant mine which will go into production in three years' time, until when, it used to be thought, these old mines would, survive. Buttressing this argument is the other that, anyway, the methods of reckoning Coal Board finances are quite arbitrary – isn't coal subsidising steel? And electricity? Why should coal imports from America be held against the Board? How much greater is the financial loss than the dole and national assistance which will be paid us when we are unemployed?

Raised too are larger questions, such as whether villages like Cwmllynfell and their replicas in west Wales are going to be allowed to decay simply because they stand on the industrial fringe and have been built on industries, or industrial methods, which have been superseded? Lending these questions special urgency is the fact that these miners, when the pits close some time in the New Year, will be thrown on to a labour market where one in ten men is out of work. When one considers that 80 per cent. of them are over 40 years old and that half of them own their own houses, it isn't terribly useful to suggest that they should leave west Wales behind and go and look for work somewhere else.

The National Union of Mineworkers is going to fight not, in theory, the closures themselves, but any unemployment which results from them. Prayers are being offered in the chapels. The local authorities will also join the fight, and certainly all people in Wales, for whom these Welsh-speaking industrial villages have a special significance, will bring pressure to bear. Perhaps work will be found for these miners, perhaps not. Perhaps desolation will come again to an area once familiar with it. Perhaps it doesn't matter if Cwmllynfell and Garnant are deserted (except for the aged). But perhaps it does.

New York

Motor Monopoly

An exceedingly interesting document that got exceedingly scant notice in the press is the 300-page report of Senator Kefauver's anti-trust subcommittee, in which it is irreverently suggested that the Justice Department might do well to break up the General Motors Corporation. Since more than $90 million of GM's annual outlay goes for advertising, the comparative reticence of the news media was perhaps to be expected, but with two Republican members of the subcommittee endorsing the report, it may be hard for the Administration to shrug it off entirely, much as it has always leaned on the corporate giant in question.

Since the first real flowering of the auto industry, back in the early Twenties, the number of car manufacturers has shrunk from 85 or so to a mere five, with General Motors enjoying half the total market while Ford and Chrysler share another 40 per cent. or so. Such concentration in an industry that directly or indirectly employs one out of every seven American job-holders would in itself be a matter of concern, but, going far beyond a mere warning, the sub-committee spelled out in detail the uses which GM has been making of its position in the economy. Among the charges in its indictment are the dictating of prices for the entire industry, usury, a cornering of the market in raw materials and auto parts, and other practices 'neither compatible with nor conducive to a free market in which the public must buy automobiles'.

An ironic effect of GM's grip on the industry, according to the sub-committee, is that at the very core of the free-enterprise system there is little free enterprise to be found and practically nothing of its sacred law of supply and demand. GM sets the annual price increase, calculated to give it a predetermined and decidedly lush profit (25 per cent. for the average year) on its ever-expanding net worth; and Chrysler and Ford dutifully follow along rather than risk a price war in which they might well be done to death. Where this arrangement leaves the customer is no mystery to the Senators. If the Big Three, acting with strange uniformity, 'raise their prices unduly' or turn out all but identical models, no matter how absurdly elongated and finny, the customer has only the choice of buying or not buying – unless he goes exotic and gets a foreign make. When Ford and Chrysler representatives explained to the sub-committee that they had to follow GM's price lead in order to compete, Walter Reuther logically observed that it was 'the first time in the history of a free-enterprise economy where a company raised the price of their products in order to be competitive'.

To justify, even in a quantitative sense, the annual price increase dictated by GM's notions of a fair profit, automobiles must presumably go on getting bigger and gaudier, and each year's model has to have some new twist that renders last year's obsolete. George Romney, president of American Motors, which is one of the two remaining independents left in the field, explained it to the Senators. The automobile business, he said, has aspects that make it similar to two other businesses. 'One is the millinery business, where fashion is such a big part of it, and the other is the perishable product business because you have got to move cars pretty fast or they lose their value.'

Romney, who is something of a maverick, would like to return to the old days, when cars were primarily a form of transportation, and he likes to distress his fellow-manufacturers by suggesting that their product has already outlived its use as a badge of social status. 'It used to be,' he said recently, 'that many people could satisfy their neighbourly pride by living in a small house with a big new car in the driveway. It was a none-too-subtle symbol of success. Today, the showy car is becoming passé as the primary means of satisfying ego expression.' If he is right – and the upsurge in boating and foreign travel indicate that he is – General Motors may have more to worry about than the Kefauver committee. It may even have to go back to making vehicles.

ROBERT BENDINER

Westminster

A. P. H.

In 1945 a surviving Tory MP surveyed the flood of new Labour members and said: 'My God! They look like damned constituents!' Today, the more dedicated officials of the Tory Central Office are expressing similarly incredulous resentment over Sir Alan Herbert's 'meddling' in East Harrow which, they feel, might cost them the seat. 'He's just after the publicity', they say, as though Sir Alan, to brighten things at Brisbane, had danced a fandango on the Test pitch. When I saw him this week, I got the impression that this official reaction is adding to Sir Alan's fun.

The immediate reason for his interest in East

Harrow was the failure of Mr Roy Jenkins's Obscene Publications Bill to receive a second reading. He had no difficulty in blaming this failure on the Home Office, which through the years has consistently sat on any reform, such as in divorce or in the betting laws, which is close to his heart. He calls this senior department of state the Ministry of Constipation, which, 'like an elderly hypochondriac, is always asking for a second opinion—and never accepts it'.

But he has now no intention of limiting his campaign to that. Though he describes himself as 'basically a Conservative', he is filling his election address with proposals for giving greater freedom from the party whips to all private members. On the reduction in the time allowed for private members to bring in bills, he says: 'The little dogs are fed, like snakes in the Zoo, on alternate Fridays. If they pick up a substantial bone, the government says "Drop it" or hide it away in a Royal Commission'. As a result, the ordinary MP is no more than lobby fodder to the whips and a welfare officer to his constituents. Sir Alan not only proposes that every Wednesday should now be handed over to private members, but that an all-party committee of private members should be formed to initiate legislation on the 'important but awkward things which need to be done' but which a government normally hesitates to touch. A committee in which members of all political opinions worked together on common ground might do much, Sir Alan feels, to diminish the 'envious and obstructive spirit of party'.

Having got this off his chest, Sir Alan outlines his plans for reform of the betting laws—'there goes the bookmakers' vote', he says—and then jumps into another subject, headed Second Marriages and Excommunication, which might lose him the Church vote, too. All this, and some comments on the spread of British institutions abroad—'the local politicians sometimes aren't good enough and a colonel or a general takes over. I notice that it's never a sergeant-major'—would provide the thoughtful public with the wittiest, most exciting and longest election address produced this century. But will it impress his prospective constituents? At last he turns to them: 'What, you may well ask, will I be able to do for East Harrow? At the moment, I can only say that I haven't the slightest idea.' He then goes on to say what he would *not* do, such as holding surgery days every Saturday or taking part in the 'degrading folly' of all-night sittings. So far as the Conservative Party is concerned, he would maintain a position between slavery and isolation. He seems determined to find a similar position in his relations with his constituents.

Will all this come to anything? Unless individual supporters subscribe enough money to meet the bulk of his costs, I do not think that Sir Alan will stand; and if he does stand it may be significant that one of his proposals is for the abolition of deposits—'stinging a man for £150 like that is like telling a batsman not only that he's out for a duck but also that he is now going to be hit on the head with his bat'. But whether he stands or not, it is just possible that he may stir some politicians into new thoughts; and that, these days, is a considerable feat.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Northcliffe Rides Again

Although the bid by the *Daily Mirror-Sunday Pictorial* group for the entire ordinary share capital of Amalgamated Press has not yet been formally accepted—it is subject to Treasury approval for one thing—there seems little doubt that it will go through, especially as the Berry family, which owns a controlling interest, has already agreed to sell. Mr Cecil Harmsworth King, the chairman of the *Mirror-Pictorial* group, is at present away. He gets back to his office in January. It seems pretty certain that within a week or two at most of his return he will have added control of the innumerable magazine interests of Amalgamated Press to his already vast newspaper empire. There is a certain sentiment about the deal—as well as around £16,000,000 in more solid currency. Mr King is very conscious of being the nephew of Lord Northcliffe. The Amalgamated Press was not merely in its earlier days a valuable piece of the Northcliffe empire; it was the mother country of that empire.

Though Mr King may be forgiven a certain sentimental warming of the heart when he takes over Amalgamated Press there is, of course, much more to the deal than that, as the unsentimental gentlemen who are rivals of Amalgamated Press in the periodical field are already anxiously aware. This deal may launch in the popular periodical field a revolution comparable to that carried out by the *Mirror* and *Pictorial* in newspapers. Such a revolution is long overdue—at any rate so far as the cheaper kinds of periodicals are concerned. Amalgamated Press itself has been crying out for a shake-up for a long time. Its list of weekly and monthly publications is immense, ranging from weeklies for children of all ages (it owns 21 altogether, including *Chicks Own, Rainbow* and *Sexton Blake*), to a varied selection of romantic fiction periodicals and such magazines as *Home Companion, Mother and Home, Woman's Weekly* and *Woman's Journal*. In the general field it has *Everybody's*, which had a million sale when Amalgamated Press bought it a few years ago, but considerably less than that now.

Amalgamated Press owns a great many periodicals, but none of them are leaders in any of the

U NU, FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF BURMA, ENTERED A BUDDHIST MONASTERY, SHAVED HIS HEAD, RENOUNCED THE WORLD FOR A WEEK AND WENT ROUND RANGOON WITH A 'BEGGING BOWL' IN THE COMPANY OF OTHER MONKS.
—NEWS ITEM
POLICIES
IDEAS
STATECRAFT
PLANS
NEW CONCEPTIONS
VICKY

magazine fields. It has on the whole been outstripped in the quality and popularity race by Odhams and Newnes. It has given the impression for some time of living on its past with no new ideas worth very much coming along. This is hardly likely to remain the case for long once Cecil King takes over. Odhams, Newnes and the others will be wise to get themselves braced for a bout of hot competition.

This deal, however, has a much wider social interest than its possible effect on some competing magazines. The kind of periodicals put out by Amalgamated Press have no particular political content or influence but since they provide the main intellectual food, so far as the printed word is concerned, of large numbers of boys and girls, young women and working-class housewives, they have a very considerable social influence indeed. In the main that influence under its present ownership has been Conservative – although, of course, not usually explicitly so. It has been on the side of keeping the social order as it is – or rather, one is inclined to suspect, as it used to be. No one is going to be so mad as to suggest that under Cecil King these magazines will all become crusaders for the Labour Party. Mr King will naturally be concerned first and foremost to make them a commercial success. But the *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* were the first newspapers to realise that the new war and post-war mass reading public was basically Labour, even though it was only interested in politics spasmodically. We have had no such change in the popular periodical world. Its inhabitants for the most part still go on chugging along with the same old social standards and values. It will be interesting to see what Mr King and his colleagues, with that sixth sense they have now developed for the stirrings of social change, will do to them.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The New World of Africa

'SCRAM out of Africa.' This was Mr Tom Mboya's injunction to Europeans when he opened the All African People's Conference last Sunday. Demagogic? Vulgar? Certainly: these are the sort of words Mr Mboya carefully refrains from using in London or even in Nairobi. But whether they are dangerous, and whether they represent a serious element of Negro racialism, depends less on Mr Mboya and his audience than on ourselves.

Twelve years ago the heart of the struggle against colonialism lay in Asia: Africa, apart from an occasional cry of pain or anger from the South, seemed to be sleeping – still the forgotten continent. Thanks to the example set by Britain in the immediate post-war years the western colonial positions in Asia were mostly surrendered – Viet Nam was the glaring exception – with comparatively good grace and very little bloodshed. The existence today of residual political problems in, say, West Irian or Malaya only serves to remind us that in Asia the decisive anti-colonial battles have already been fought and won.

The challenge we now face in Africa is a far tougher one. Psychologically today's cry of 'Africa for the Africans' is comparable with 'Quit Asia' of the past. And sooner or later it will have to be answered in comparable terms. But there are two vital differences. The politics of North, East and South Africa are bedevilled by white settlers who claim African land and European privileges as their right. Does 'Africa for the Africans' include them? If not, what is to become of them? The second great difference between Africa today and Asia of a dozen years ago is curiously relevant to the problem of the settlers. Neither British nor French colonialism has yet endowed the territories of Africa with native civil services which can in any way be compared with those of India or even, say, of Burma or Indonesia.

Thus, on the face of it, the African independence movement, if it is to be anything more than crude black chauvinism, has much to gain from a continuing association with Europeans. One of the African politicians who most clearly understands this is Dr Nkrumah who, having emerged victorious from leading his own struggle for nationhood, now symbolises more than any other man the anti-colonial aspirations of Africa. He has not had to cope in Ghana with a settler problem; and his speech to the Accra Conference last Monday was significantly different in tone from Mboya's. He emphasised the importance of non-violence; he pointed out the dangers of colonialism 'from outside Europe'; and there is no doubt that in private conversations this week he has been reminding his fellow African nationalists of the value to Ghana – and thus potentially to the rest of Africa – of European public servants, technicians, and teachers.

It is too little realised in Europe that there is no status quo in Africa as it is at present ordered. The moment has almost come when the anti-colonial movement will either have to identify itself with the co-operation of Europeans or turn to bloodshed. Which choice it makes will be determined not by the rabble-rousing words which struggling nationalist leaders use on the hustings: Mboya knows as well as Nkrumah that Europe can still give much to Africa. It will be determined by the success of far-sighted Europeans in convincing Africans that a European element in African life does not threaten independence or nationhood. The short-sightedness, the selfishness and the cruelty of most settler politics, from Algeria to the Cape, mean that (again in contrast with Asia) a further period of firm and progressive colonial rule, designed to hold the settlers in check while African administrations are built up, offers, paradoxically, the only hope that independent black Africa will in the end offer a home for white Africans of European origin.

The alternative prospect is appalling. Africans are very much less conscious than Asians of past traditions of civilisation and good government. With current experience of white racialism and with bitter memories of the slave trade, they have far more scores to settle with the West than ever the peoples of Asia did. For all these reasons they could the more easily turn to violence. The most pitiable element of European racialism, whether represented by apartheid in South Africa, by 'partnership' in the Federation, by the White Highlands of Kenya, or by the fake democracy of Algeria, is its suicidal content. In the fullness of time the white settlers cannot escape the decisions of black democracy: at present they are busily erecting the gallows which could some day be used against them. The Accra conference has achieved no more than words; but the impetus which called it together is the symptom of a new world and a new age in which Europe must learn to live.

Soustelle's Republic

ON 21 December, General de Gaulle is certain to be elected President of the Republic. At the beginning of January the new President will appoint a Premier who will select his government for presentation to the Assembly. But the real parliamentary session will not begin until April and then only shall we be able to discern the true relation between the triple pillars of the new republic – President, government and assembly.

If it is difficult to predict what this new relation will be, this is not because the constitution itself is obscure. On the contrary, it is more precise than that of the Fourth Republic in its allocation of powers. The mystery springs from other causes. The French had grown accustomed to a certain political physiognomy – leaders, parties and policies. Now this has been swept away and replaced by two enigmas. The first is de Gaulle himself. Some of his entourage maintain that he was highly displeased by the landslide success of M. Soustelle. This may be true. But the General himself made no attempt to frustrate the manœuvres whereby Soustelle guaranteed his victory. Although de Gaulle stated emphatically at the start of the campaign that he did not wish any party to use his name in its propaganda, he took no action when Soustelle flagrantly disregarded his request. He gave instructions to General Salan that candidates from all parties were to be allowed to stand in Algeria: but again he took no action when the army prevented everyone except the integrationists from taking part in the campaign. Last Thursday *L'Express* was again confiscated, and those close to de Gaulle later tried to explain that this had taken place only because the General was not in Paris. But the General had not left for ever and, if such an act really angered him, why should M. Peletier, his Minister of the Interior, risk punishment on his return? Either the General's directives are not, strictly speaking, orders at all, or else his minions do not fear to disobey them. And whichever explanation is correct the hopes of those on the left who believe that de Gaulle himself is the best guarantee of democratic liberties may prove illusory.

The second mystery is the composition and objectives of the UNR. Most of the new deputies are virtually unknown and a number of them received Soustelle's blessing only at the last moment because of a shortage of Gaullist candidates in certain areas. From this some observers have concluded that the UNR is a loose coalition rather than a political party, and that it will either disintegrate or will adopt a political line quite different from that of its apparent leaders. This again, I believe, is wishful thinking. Some of the UNR deputies – such as M. Biaggi and Colonel Thomazo – are only too well known; they may not carry much weight with de Gaulle himself, but they will clearly exercise great influence on the UNR rank and file, nearly all of whom, in any case, hold right-wing or even Fascist views. With a few exceptions (M. Michelet, for example) the new UNR deputies are simply extremists who have penetrated the Assembly under Gaullist colours. It is true that in their electoral campaign they did not openly demand the establishment of single-party rule and the banning of the Communists. They did not even insist unduly on the theme of *Algérie Française*. Soustelle is too intelligent to reveal his war plans to the French electors, the overwhelming majority of whom remain anti-authoritarian. But his intentions are nevertheless quite clear. Having captured all the state organs of propaganda and largely muzzled the press,

he is now expected to move on to the Ministry of the Interior in order to soften up the police and the prefectorial system. Who can stop him? With his parliamentary majority and his control of the UNR organisation, he has an enormous concentration of real power in his hands. The opposition, by contrast, is demoralised, divided and disarmed.

Last Thursday's Socialist Party conference was a perfect illustration of the state of mind which now paralyses the Left. It might have been thought that after their unprecedented electoral disaster, the Socialist militants would finally have demanded a reckoning from M. Guy Mollet and insisted on much more effective opposition to the Soustelle threat: but nothing of the sort happened. Mollet was given an ovation, and most of the delegates praised him for the foresight he had shown in the last six months. Soustelle is thus unlikely to meet effective opposition in this quarter.

In the Communist Party the prospects are scarcely any brighter. The loss of a million and a half votes should have provoked serious self-criticism within the party and the removal of the old gang such as Maurice Thorez, who has now led the party for 25 years. But this seems most unlikely. Once more the CP is apparently counting on the strategy which has served it so well in the past: to lie low and wait until its opponents make mistakes. No doubt during the Fourth Republic this made sense: Queuille and Bidault, Bourgès-Maunoury and Mollet were infallible recruiting sergeants for the CP. But under the Fifth Republic, whether or not Soustelle makes mistakes, there is no guarantee whatsoever that he will permit his opponents the luxury of an electoral reckoning.

The timidity and impotence of the two working-class parties make it inevitable that French liberals see as their only hope a split within the Gaullist camp, and in particular between de Gaulle himself and Soustelle. They point to the clauses in the constitution which allow the President discretional powers to dissolve the Assembly and to intervene in governmental decisions. They claim that de Gaulle will invoke these clauses in order to prevent any para-Fascist legislation. I have already indicated my own doubts that de Gaulle has any such intention. But even if he does seek to do this, it is by no means clear that he will succeed. The constitution of the Fifth Republic does not invest the President with the powers he enjoys in America. He does not play a direct part in government, and is not allowed to descend into the parliamentary arena. He is an arbiter placed above the political conflict who intervenes only in the event of a violent clash within the government or between the government and the Assembly. Unless such a clash takes place – and the size of Soustelle's electoral victory makes this unlikely – de Gaulle will be powerless to intervene. And if the Assembly does pass authoritarian legislation, de Gaulle will have no constitutional right – as in America – to veto it.

According to a story told me this week by one of de Gaulle's associates, the General summoned M. Michelet immediately after the election and asked him to describe one by one the character and opinions of the UNR deputies. First, Michelet listed 48 of relatively moderate views whose personal loyalty to de Gaulle is unconditional. Then he came to a group of 12 whom he described to the General as 'simple idiots'. 'They are all right,' remarked the General, 'because they will be too stupid to realise that the constitution in fact gives them very considerable power.' But Soustelle was once a teacher!

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

THE ostensible moral of Randolph Churchill's Suez articles is how lucky we are to have a brilliant chap like Harold Macmillan to get us out of the mess poor Sir Anthony got us into. Those who read them carefully, however, may reach a different conclusion. At the time, it was generally believed, particularly among Tory back-benchers, that Sir Anthony had only agreed to a cease-fire because he had been betrayed by a group of cowardly Cabinet ministers led by Mr Butler. This belief undoubtedly played a part in securing the succession for Macmillan. I have known for some time that this version of events was a myth, and I am therefore delighted to find confirmation of Macmillan's true role from one of his most vociferous supporters. The facts are as follows. From the start, Butler opposed the Suez venture in the Cabinet, on the grounds that it was too risky and, in the event of American opposition, would lead to a disastrous run on the pound. But once the decision was taken, he loyally accepted it and backed Sir Anthony to the end. Macmillan, on the other hand, was the fiercest advocate of the expedition. But when, the day after our troops were landed, he received a memo from Sir Edward Boyle, his Economic Secretary, drawing his attention to the abrupt fall in our gold and dollar reserves, he immediately panicked. As Randolph reveals, Macmillan, after a despairing telephone call to Washington, promptly went to the Cabinet and insisted on a cease-fire. It was not the devious Butler, but that fountain of honour, Harold Macmillan, who stabbed Sir Anthony in the back.

* * *

What really happened at Swaffham? A group of members of the Direct Action Committee against Nuclear War deliberately obstructed work on the missile site; some of them were rough-handled by labourers; one or two were thrown into pools of cement and water by the RAF. Their method of resistance was strictly 'non-violent' – which doesn't mean that it is not troublesome to pick up limp figures and cart them about. To haul off protesting women is probably less embarrassing for the police today than it was in the days of the suffragettes, because girls nowadays wear trousers. But the significance of this incident has not been understood. The demonstration was the climax of a month's propaganda in which the local population, especially the trade union members, were urged to protest against the new missiles. Apparently, the discussions and meetings were not without effect. The demonstrators received a good deal of support from local trade union officials and some from workers on the site. They intend to repeat their demonstration at the same place on 20 December.

* * *

The question is whether these direct action methods achieve results. The arguments for and against 'militancy' are as difficult, and as inconclusive, as they were in the days of Mrs Pankhurst. The activities of the official Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament are largely boycotted by the press and, when mentioned at all, treated as the harmless propaganda of pacifist do-gooders. In point of fact, the Campaign does not base itself primarily on ethical pacifism, but on very practical propositions. The influential deputation of women, for instance, who are lobbying women MPs this week, includes prominent scientists and other well-known people like Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Iris Murdoch and Marghanita Laski. They are addressing themselves to the psychological effect of nuclear armaments on the present generation and to the genetic danger of tests. The main argument of the Campaign is that Britain now – and perhaps only for a very short time ahead – is in a position to reverse the world drift towards nuclear destruction. Only if Britain declares her intention to discard nuclear weapons can we dissuade other, still non-nuclear, powers from entering the suicide club. The great deterrent may work for a time between America and Russia, but what hope will be left if the Greeks and the Turks, the Israelis and the Egyptians, not to speak of the South American republics, all get nuclear arms? Official spokesmen always seek to evade this – the central point on which there is agreement among all nuclear disarmers, pacifist and non-pacifist alike. Therefore the question is whether people can be made to face the appalling implications of present policy by the militant tactics of Pat Arrowsmith and her friends. The arguments against what at first look like wild demonstations are obvious enough. But the case on the other side is that they win publicity and may stimulate thought among people who, for the first time, begin to wonder if there may not be something in an idea for which young women are prepared to be chucked into pools of water in wintertime.

* * *

The correspondent who this week questions my remarks about Australia as an under-populated country is out of touch with current Australian thought. Secondary industry is being swiftly developed in New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia, and the 20 million population now envisaged can no doubt be easily absorbed. How much of the immense Australian desert can be developed, and how soon is, I found, a matter on which experts widely differ. It is mainly a question of how much sweet water could be made available and how much money it would cost to make how much desert fertile. If a serious survey of this were attempted the question of new immigration on a big scale would become relevant. 'White Australia' is not now taken nearly so much for granted as I expected it to be. One big newspaper executive told me that he is proposing to publish a series of articles attacking the whole policy. In every university – and I went, I think, to all of them – you can hear discussions about whether it would be wise to have a quota system and whether, if the ban on orientals were lifted, a large number would actually wish to come to Australia. The uneasiness I spoke of exists. The facts do not seem to me available on which to base a judgment about the best policy.

* * *

May I suggest a subject for a thesis which may confer immortality, if not immediate riches, on some aspiring student? The subject is 'The influence of G. E. Moore', the Cambridge philosopher who died recently. The overwhelming impact of his *Principia Ethica* (published in 1903) on the ablest group of men who have thought together in the last 60 years, is described in a delectable essay by J. M. Keynes called 'My Early Beliefs', published in his posthumous *Two Memoirs*. The Cambridge group include J. M. Keynes, Lytton Strachey, Leonard Woolf, Sir John Sheppard; Sir Ralph Wedgwood; Sir Ralph Hawtrey; E. M. Forster, Lowes-Dickinson and Bertrand Russell. It provided them, Keynes says, with a religion of 'personal salvation': it inspired them with an exalted but highly individualistic ethics. When I was at Cambridge, Moore was still teaching, and still behaving just as Keynes described. 'What *exactly* do you mean?' was the phrase most frequently on his lips, and on those of his disciples. During philosophic argument he still tore

his hair in incredulous astonishment when what he regarded as an impossible proposition was advanced by the less instructed amongst us. If only we could get the questions right, then, he held, the right answers would follow. Good states of mind, love of beauty and of human beings – these were the things that mattered. My thesis writer must go on from Keynes's essay to the early novels of E. M. Forster which were written under Moore's direct influence. But the question he would have to consider is whether any of these brilliant men, some of whom, like Keynes himself, have enormously affected their generation in the most practical ways, would have had substantially different effect if they had not been converted by Moore in their youth.

* * *

Veterinary surgeons, it seems, are catching up with human surgeons. Anyway, on a grazier's farm in New South Wales I came upon a lonely, obviously very sick bull. I had a fellow feeling for the poor beast – he came from Hereford where I was born. 'What is the matter with that unhappy bull?' I said to his owner. 'He's getting on fine,' I was told. 'You see, he is only convalescing after an operation. He was suffering from wire in the stomach.' The new methods by which hay is mechanically baled into bundles tied up with wire makes it easy, I learnt, for a careless feeder to get very bad indigestion. But wire in the stomach was diagnosed, I gathered, from outside by a stethoscope – or would it be a mine-detector? – so they gave the beast a tranquilliser, put him up against a fence and, with the help of a local anæsthetic, opened a panel in his side. The vet then pulled out the largest of his stomachs and took from it a number of pieces of wire and several handfuls of sand which the bull had no doubt eaten by way of counter-irritant. Then the stomach was filled up again with new-mown hay and glucose, to which they added, in case they had missed any bits of wire, a magnet. They then sewed him up again. I expect this is all common practice nowadays, but it was new to me and enhanced my respect both for modern surgery and for the digestion of bulls.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Redworth said that the governments of the world were being run by Satan. 'It's rather an unfortunate position,' he added.—*Croydon Times.* (Brian Jones.)

Governors of the village school at Crich, Derbyshire, who complained to public health officials that water in a small stream near the school looked like beer, have been told that it has a high alcoholic content, which has been traced to the washing-up drain of the village Old Comrade's club. 'Since there is no danger to public health, no action will be taken,' said a public health inspector.—*The Times.* (Anthony Kiely.)

While raven-haired Patricia Rawlings, the beautiful 19-year-old debutante friend of the Aga Khan, lay seriously ill at her parents' London home yesterday —her father was buying his daughter a Christmas present—a racehorse.

It was the present she had always wanted for Christmas.—*Daily Express.* (John Walker.)

There was a party for jewels, given at Cartier's, at which I was glad to note the English love of animals crystallised in a doggy brooch made of all diamonds, with a dear little diamond tail which really wagged. —*Queen.* (V. Wilkinson.)

Iraq After Aref

THE meaning of Colonel Aref's arrest has been obscured, in Iraq, in the outside Arab world, and in the West, by a strange set of circumstances, some of which belie the obvious assumptions made about Aref's role. Prime Minister Abdul Karim Kassem is an extremely reticent man. A close colleague told me that he practically had to be cajoled on to balconies in the early days of the revolution. There is no doubt that his reserved personality gave his younger brother-officer, Abdul Salam Aref, the immensely important role of Orator of the Revolution by sheer default.

Aref is passionate and politically immature. As the man who 'took' Baghdad, and who greeted Nasser in Damascus in the name of the new republic, he stumped the Iraqi countryside, promising the very earth to a people seething with expectations. He promised early union with the UAR – which seemed natural and logical in the first heady weeks of an Arab revolution instantly followed by massive western intervention in the Middle East. But Aref's union promises were only part of his downfall. He was outspokenly hostile both to the western powers and the Communist bloc. He was equally indiscreet and equally unrestrained on domestic affairs. He promised a very low ceiling on land holdings, at a time when the Republican Agrarian Reform Committee was still deep in study. On one occasion he even set the country on its heels by implying that all pre-14 July debts had been abolished.

It took Kassem some time – too long a time – to realise what was happening in this flood of oratory. I can report with absolute certainty that the problem was never whether Aref was some kind of 'agent' of Nasser. From the very beginning, Nasser made clear to Kassem that he was against any further, hasty unions in Arab nationalism; that he would not interfere in any way; that even if Iraq asked for union, the UAR would want to be absolutely sure of an overwhelming popular approval, and would want far more preliminary study of such a step than had taken place over the union with Syria. From late August on, even while Aref was still vocal, this UAR attitude was evident through a dozen different sources. Cairo officials were scarcely restrained in their comments about Aref, even likening him to Salah Salem (the 'dancing major'). On 22 July Nasser had spoken publicly and at length about the difficulties that had arisen because the union with Syria had been hastily carried out without proper study. On 28 September he referred back to a speech he made only four days after that union in which he warned of the need for 'dams across our aspirations, lest this floodtide overwhelm us'.

A month ago, after Aref's arrest, Nasser confirmed unequivocally to me what I had learned in Cairo and in Baghdad about his attitude towards Aref. In the course of a two-and-a-half-hour discussion, he revealed clearly that, in his view, the Iraqi revolution had brought about the minimal conditions of Arab unity – solidarity in defence and a neutralist foreign policy. Beyond that, he said, he had no plans and was not anxious for any further burdens.

Throughout the period of Aref's oratory, however, not even Kassem could very well denounce his appeal for organic unity. For any Arab nationalist leader to do so, in 1958, in the face of the floodtide of *quawmiyah arabiya* ('Arab Peoplehood', the significant term for national-

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ism), would be a denial of every basic ideal. The problem was, and is, to modify and modulate this movement constructively. In Iraq, however, because he acted so tardily, Kassem's final move against Aref automatically raised popular doubt and suspicion, against which Nasser could give him no help. In fact, the move was not impelled solely by the issue of Aref's demand for immediate, total union. On every issue, and on the basic question of accepting orders, Aref had proved untrustworthy and unpredictable.

Aref's oratory, and quite quickly his very position in the revolution regime, were vehemently opposed by two of the three broad civilian political groups that emerged after 14 July – from exile, from prison, and from virtual silence under Nuri. First, it is ironic, but in no way accidental, that nearly 40 years of special British influence in Iraq have produced a more highly organised, more mobile Communist Party than anywhere else in the Arab world. Within hours of the revolution, the CP was at work, by slogan-painting, leaflets miraculously printed and rushed to key centres, and well chosen public aims. These can be summarised under three headings. In 'Arab Federation', the Communists pay lip-service to the popular ideal of unity, but carefully limit it to a form too loose to involve the suppression they fear from any close union with the UAR. The same slogan works among those of Iraq's 800,000 Kurds who worry about their separate social standing in any massive unity.

In 'Soviet Friendship', the Iraqi CP's purpose is obvious, and it finds fertile ground. The average Baghdadi in the street is very likely today to include Krushchev as one of his 'friends'. The sudden mushrooming of new Communist-bloc diplomatic missions, information offices, delegations, etc., following on the adoption of a neutralist policy by the republic, found the CP well placed to benefit.

Finally, there is the Communist demand for an early establishment of full party-political freedom – again, for obvious reasons. Iraqi Communists are very anxious that Kassem and the Free Officers should not follow the Egyptian-Syrian pattern of government. To date, they have had plenty of opportunity to press their point publicly. And in doing so, they have an ironic tactical ally in the second important civilian group to emerge from 14 July – the veteran leader, Kamel Chaderchi, and his National Democrats.

Chaderchi, nearing 60, is a disciple of Laski and the LSE, acknowledging philosophical beginnings in Marxism, but denying any affinity to international Communism. He believes passionately in western-style democracy and, until he flew to Cairo and was reassured, was genuinely afraid that Aref was a Nasser agent. The whole thesis of 'transition periods' is distasteful to Chaderchi: on the contrary, he and his followers argue, democracy can find root only if the seed is sown at once. In urging Kassem to sow the seed, the National Democrats obviously believe that they can effectively combat the Communist Party in free debate and competition.

The National Democrats also find agreement with the CP on the great issue – that of Arab unity. 'Iraq has always been a separate country, even in the Arab empire', Chaderchi told me. Neutralism, yes – his party believes in it. United defence, yes. Even a federative relation, yes; but not organic union. On this issue, and in general, Chaderchi's party scorns the third big political grouping, the Ba'ath Socialists. ('They are sentimental Socialists; we are scientific.')

Ba'ath in Iraq is, if anything, even less of a 'movement', in terms of popular membership, than the National Democrats, whose leader has been in the public eye as an opponent to Nuri ever since the early Thirties. But Ba'ath, founded by two Sorbonne-educated Syrians after the Second World War, is an international Arab organisation, exercising growing influence at leadership levels from the Maghreb to Bahrein. Its five basic aims could be summarised as: immediate Arab union; secularism; Socialism; neutralism; and a transitory authoritarian period in which to develop genuine democracy. Applied to the new Iraqi scene, these Ba'athist goals would mean union with the UAR – but, as a key Iraqi Ba'athist explained to me, with such decentralised principles as retention by 'the Iraqi region' of the present 70 per cent. of oil revenues now devoted to development, and the adoption of a new kind of 'national union' political structure which would eschew party strife.

To Ba'ath's great disadvantage, its Iraqi leaders allowed Aref to become associated in the public mind with the party – through its newspaper, *Al Goumhuriya*, in particular. Salah El-Bitar, the Syrian co-founder of Ba'ath, now UAR Minister of Information, told me recently that Aref had never been a member (membership is very tightly restricted in Ba'ath). But the damage was done. When Kassem arrested Aref, *Al Goumhuriya* was closed down, and five of its staff also arrested. Significantly, however, Kassem did not altogether remove one of the key Ba'athists, the young Brigadier Fuad Al-Rikabi, from his government. Rikabi had been Minister of Development, perhaps the most critical post in the Cabinet (handling 70 per cent. of the oil revenues). At an earlier stage in Aref's progressive downfall, when he was exiled to Bonn, Kassem reshuffled the Cabinet, dropping another Ba'athist and making Rikabi simply Minister of State.

Had Kassem's intention been the total suppression of Ba'ath, Rikabi would certainly have gone on Aref's arrest. His retention, along with other indications, suggests that Kassem's present strategy is merely to remove from the public eye only the most obvious symbols of Aref's brief prominence. It is further suggested by many observers that, for a time, Kassem plans to allow the National Democrats and the Communists to hold the public stage in order to divert the popular mind away from the nagging memory of Aref.

It is a dangerous kind of strategy, presuming as it does some kind of equal potency between the two groups, who cannot even argue on two key issues – democracy and Arab unity. And behind this apparent transitory phase in Kassem's evolving leadership is the critical question: how long can he allow this state of drift, in which the new Iraq is governed neither by a Free-Officer non-party regime, nor by parliamentary democracy? Elsewhere in the Arab world, important people are extremely anxious about Communism in Iraq – and doubtful whether Chaderchi's Democrats, whom many feel are out of touch with the present mood of Arab society, can provide an effective counter-force.

It is much too early to say. But there are many grounds for the belief that, against the kind of Communist activity mushrooming in Iraq, there is only one political ideology that can serve as a positive alternative – Arab Nationalism in its widest and fullest expression. At present, no one save the Ba'athists – either in Cairo or Baghdad – wants to rush that full expression. Ba'athists believe that if union is long delayed, Kassem's leadership may lose all dynamic popular appeal; and that without this, only the Communists can benefit.

ERSKINE B. CHILDERS

Newington Revisited

STAN and I jumped off the bus in Walworth and plunged down the dark fish-stinking street which leads to the old workhouse. We were going to visit Stan's wife and children in 'temporary accommodation'; and I was anxious to know how the place would strike me coming as a friend of the family; and whether, in view of criticism both public and private, of forthright reports and pungent memoranda, I might find some improvement since I last reported on it in this journal.

It had taken us an hour from Stepney; and imagination shied at how long it would take on foot – with a pram (of the sort which can't go on buses or tubes), a suitcase, and perhaps another child or two dragging behind. But under this year's LCC welfare regulations, mothers becoming homeless 'during office hours' can't come direct to Newington Lodge any more. They have to go first to one of the only three admitting offices – in Bermondsey, Victoria and Islington – which serve respectively eight, ten and 11 boroughs. No transport allowance is made for the extra journeys so caused, which, since applicants must prove that they are literally without shelter, often prove to be futile; and, although in one well-known case the LCC did provide the price of a taxi for an expectant mother too exhausted to face a walk of six miles, pushing two children in a pram, no regular transport is provided for the subsequent journey to Newington.

As we pass the lighted porter's lodge, I am haunted by a recent report of the arrival there of a young mother eight months pregnant: there was 'a wait of about 25 minutes . . . no chair or bench was available and the mothers stood about with their children and their baggage and their prams, crowded in the doorway'. Thank God it is empty now. Stan leads the way. There are no helpful notices; indeed, families arriving after dark often get lost in this vast old peoples' institution; and some wander out again without having found their destination, which is one small wing taking less than a hundred people. Here through the open doors of the night-shelter dormitory (locked – cots and all – from 9 am to 5 pm) the spotless beds look rather more hygienically spaced than before. But although this section is called the Reception Unit there is, after office hours, no reception staff.

Bare stone steps lead us up to the Family Unit – as cruel a misnomer as ever, since fathers and children over 16 are still barred. But we have to go back through the narrow scarlet-painted corridors, swarming with children – some of them playing happily in a lavatory – down more stairs and across a courtyard, where more children are hanging like monkeys from some scaffolding, because Stan's wife, Margaret, is in the dining-room. Here's one improvement anyway – Formica table-tops in place of the old cracked oilcloth. Margaret's 7 pm supper doesn't look very reassuring: stale grocer's cake and a cup of tea. But she says that although, for the first week, the food turned her stomach, it's been quite eatable these last few days. In any case, she explains, what really gets her down is the worry. First there's the danger of the children getting dysentry – three more have just been taken to hospital; and then there's the 'Conditions of Residence' form. This kicks off by informing mothers that they and their children 'will remain on a day-to-day basis only, and may be required to leave at any time'. It also

the things they say!

The trouble with the workers is—they don't work hard enough!

Hold on! Some of them are having to work too hard for the results that they achieve.

That's odd, coming from you. *Haven't you made a great thing of Work Study in I.C.I.?*

Yes, we aim to help everyone work more effectively, by studying the jobs they are doing. We try to discover unnecessary drudgery or strain, frustrating time spent waiting for instructions, tools, materials and so on.

You make it sound quite pleasant . . . But what about the old stopwatch?

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ICI

requires mothers to clean rooms, staircases, landings, washplaces and lavatories; to exercise control of their children, although there is still no playroom and all exits, even to the street, stand open; and to submit, if necessary, to the inspection by the officer-in-charge of 'parcels, bags, etc., taken by them in and out of the Home'. Stan, whose chronic fairmindedness has so far got him nowhere, explains that the LCC gets some rough people here who might pinch – well, the electric light bulbs. And, of course, it is true that the LCC, with only this one sorting-centre for all the homeless mothers in London, not all of whom are London residents, is beset with problems – more so than other county or county borough councils, whose duty under the National Assistance Act, 1948, is to provide shelter for those in need and 'to have regard to their welfare'.

Margaret's room isn't too bad: linoleum, a chest of drawers, a kitchen chair. She puts up with sleeping between worn grey blankets over a mackintosh sheet; but she and the others in the Family Unit are shocked at being denied pillow cases, even for the children, wondering whose head lay on those unwashable covers last. The institution's new charges seem to her all the more bewildering. For a mother with a child over 11, another between five and 11, and a baby, the *minimum* weekly fee is now £4 11s. 7d. Fathers who have themselves to keep, and perhaps a parent or an older child, need to be earning non-stop overtime. But in Stan's job there's none to be had. And although he lives in a doss-house (largely inhabited, it seems, by elderly homosexuals) and goes without longed-for smokes and drinks, he can scrape up only six shillings a week to give his wife after paying the LCC's charges. It's tempting to give up and go on National Assistance, from which Margaret would get ten shillings, but pride would suffer. No one has yet succeeded in labelling Stan as a Welfare State no-gooder, or in attributing his homelessness to anything but plain misfortune.

We sit on the edge of Margaret's bed, for the sitting-room, installed not long ago, is much too remote to hear if the children cry. And Stan, holding his youngest, tries to laugh at the whole cock-eyed set-up. He reckons it's a factory for making problem families – or criminals, come to that; and he never thought welfare meant separating couples, like in court. Maragaret's eyes never leave his face, and their expression is such that I have to look away.

As a visitor I have tried to ask only appropriate questions, and only of Margaret herself. So I still don't know if all the night-shelter mothers and children are now allowed to take daytime refuge in the sitting-room, which would be such a great advance. But what chiefly worries me about the inmates is their utter lack of any form of distraction, such as wireless, their striking need for respect and encouragement as well as advice and information.

At night, the very first time when all the mothers are present, there is no one at hand to consult but a couple of harassed institution nurses; and fear runs riot. The mothers fly in and out of each other's rooms with rumours, questions, scraps of news: 'they say they take your children away if you can't find a place'; 'there's a child sickening for polio been put in my room'; 'if you go before the committee be sure to say everything's lovely, otherwise you'll have had it'; 'they only keep you here three weeks, what happens then?' An ex-secretary, elegantly dressed but tears streaming, bursts in to tell Margaret that she and her child are being transferred to Norwood House, and she's heard that it's worse than Newington.

Incredibly, it is. Stranded miles out in a suburban wilderness, surrounded by the dark hulks of other institutions, it is approached by an unlit path between broken-down fences. Pushing open a door, in the wake of other visitors, one comes immediately upon the sour smell of distress and the sight of filthy, peeling walls. The 60 or so mothers and children have one wretched room to sit and eat in: kitchen tables and hard chairs: five biscuits, bread and tea for seven o'clock supper. All, except the older boys, sleep upstairs in what was until recently a vast open ward. Now, with its low wooden partitions, narrow central corridor, curtains in each one of its 14 doorways, it looks – under dim blue lights – like a nightmare hairdresser's shop. Inside the cubicles, some shared by two families, are hard iron bedsteads and cots (sheets and pillow cases this time), bare boards, hard chairs, washing drying on the pipes. For the clothes of five or six people, usually here for three months, there are four curtainless hooks, to take their possessions, two battered lockers designed for undersized pots. Downstairs are two huge rooms, filthy and totally bare, in which the children can play. Taking frantic notes to report through proper channels (and resolving also to bring a channel with me next time), I am approached by a woman who simply says: 'They're going to take my children away, and yet there are empty beds.'

It is a little difficult to explain, especially to families from the colonies, that all this is somehow due to the housing shortage and that the LCC is really both progressive and Socialist – indeed it is hard to understand how the LCC, with such fine achievements in other fields, can tolerate this damaging blot on its reputation. Even Bromley House, a gaunt East End institution with stone corridors like arterial roads, is better than this. At least husbands and wives, fathers and children can be together in their two cell-like rooms; at least mothers can cook in the communal kitchens and a semblance of family life can go on.

Better not to tell Margaret's friend what's in store. Outside in the corridor a child is suddenly, explosively sick over my shoe, and the mothers fly out of their rooms fearing some new disease. Stan sees me to the gate, mustn't-grumbling all the way. Inside the porter's lodge a young woman is standing – a wailing baby against her shoulder – rocking to and fro.

AUDREY HARVEY

Going East

We drove there in the Captain's air-conditioned Cadillac. His chauffeur, a Filippino with delicate blue-brown hands, played the gears like an organ. A huge fake ruby sat on his little finger.

'Huh, them Greeks', he almost rode down a huddle, arguing gently in the middle of Demosthenes Road. 'Them Greeks! . . .' he sighed again as we went aboard. For six years *Courier* has anchored off Rhodes, by the Crusader ramparts so carefully renovated they look brand new. Cannon balls lie in the moat like petrified apple dumplings. 'We sure made progress since then', noted a lieutenant, modestly. 'Take moral warfare, for example.'

The ship transmits the 'Voice of America', in Persian, Armenian, Russian, Georgian and Arabic. To eliminate jamming, an apparatus like some giant gridiron has been fixed over the stern; 'but Moscow keeps up a squeal when we relay a big ball game,' laughed Captain Stedman. 'Or elections', he added impartially, carving steak, three-inch thick, with his large, capable fist. 'Everything is flown here from back home. Honest-to-God American, like our programmes. From the shoulder,' he grinned through the steak. 'Have some more bread; you won't find local bread this good.' It was chalk white, and very hygienic. After the Filippino batmen had poured coffee with milk specially flown to Rhodes, we admired the control room. Teleprinters were clicking out orders from Munich and Washington, among a battery of dial panels. 'We have three times more power than the biggest civilian station in the United States,' said a lieutenant with a fat mournful expression, 'which means you can get a high frequency burn through going near the transmitter. A ring can burn just right off your finger.' Awed into silence, we crept round the monolithic generators, pursued by a screech of boogie-woogie, perhaps at that moment being heard, in secret, by a pro-imperialist Arab. 'D'you realise,' said the lieutenant, 'we pumped half a billion dollars into the Greek economy. They didn't *have* no economy. America kept them from starving. But they go and vote Communist. Can you tell me why?' He pivoted a thumb in his shirt, breathing heavily. 'Cyprus; that's why. You wave the Union Jack, and we get the kicks.'

In a tiny ramshackle bar, that night, some of the *Courier* boys' grew sad, playing a victrola with a frilly trumpet, bought in 1923. 'Nothing to do in this dump, except get canned,' they told the Greeks, who watched, and over-charged, as usual. It wasn't so exorbitant, considering the bottles thrown at a notice declaring: 'Try our V. O. Wiski. Real English.'

* * *

Many boats were relaxing, stripped as a winter tree, in Kalymnos harbour. For the sponge divers had come home, most of them, and churches like doves flew above the darkening mountain, ready to peal if another boat should return. Anyone of importance met at the barber's to enjoy life, while the women bought canned beef to celebrate before all their money had vanished in *ouzo*. 'Damn sure they got money,' swore a bull-neck customer being shaved around his cheroot; 'your good diver earn one-two thousand dollar a season. Maybe he live good, and maybe he come up paralysed.' Either way, the women of Kalymnos go crow-black, shrouded to the nose, for there is always some relative to mourn. 'This year, three guys were killed,' extending a genial palm. 'My name's Charley. Pleazta meet you.' He shone with soap and benevolence.

Later, it appeared that all his kinsfolk were known as Charley's brother, Charley's son, without further identification. He even had an aunt. His car measured a foot longer than the American taxis of the Dodecanese. Charley spoke a powerful telegraphic dialect moulded in Tarpon Springs, Florida, where half the population are Greek divers. After the war, only two ships remained of the Kalymnos fleet, but their sponges cost a mere fraction of the Caribbean price. So Charley went fishing through the mined Aegean, and made his fortune.

On the windward shore of Kalymnos, heaving down to the delphinium sea, Charley and his men were beating sponges. 'Beat them good,' he advised, 'like a wife.' Charley's wife, born in Florida, held her superb Greek bosom in a paroxysm of laughter. 'Gee, what a man,' she told everyone, propelling us into the parlour. Instead of *loukumi*, we ate peanut butter on toast.

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'Makes a change from the native food, don't it?' Not that Charley's clan were unpatriotic. Cyprus teetered on the edge of the conversation.

'You know why all the houses here are painted blue? Because blue is our national colour. We painted them against the Italians, who occupied our island. Four hundred year the Turks was here, and they didn't make no difference.' Politness compelled our host to refrain from drawing the obvious parallel, but he couldn't resist a jab at his rival, a Greek importer near Victoria Station. 'When that empire crack up, they won't afford no sponges at no price.'

The London firm reigned over a clan ramifying on the leeward shore, with the Grand Hotel Acropolis for headquarters. It used to be a family mansion before artificial sponge ruined the market. 'And then of course the Americans bid so high they inflated prices—oh, dear,' sighed Madame P, charming and birdlike, pouring out Typhoo tea amid a drift of month-old *Daily Telegraph*. Jasmine exhaled fervently into the salon, painful with sweetness. 'Was there fog, my dear, when you left?' She tinkled into the garden to pluck ripe mandarines, while Athens Radio hiccupped angrily from the walnut chiffonier. 'Mon Dieu, they never stop. Anglo-Turkish murderers, if you please.' Raging, the wireless seemed about to burst a valve. 'No one bothers to listen any more. Quite bored to death with the subject. Now tell me, what is the Old Vic playing?'

At nightfall, their blue village rising luminous up the mountain out of feverish autumn seas, we waited for a ship. Maybe it would come, maybe not. Anyway, the Grand Hotel Acropolis had more tea brewing. Crippled divers, and Teddy boys with illegal rolled-up jeans, and a man with one saintly sheep who wore a blue ribbon against the Evil Eye, all hung about, hoping. 'I had a dream,' the shepherd said to no one in particular. Along the quay, cobalt doorways were full of children, biting each other aimlessly. Then a small boat appeared, like a mistake, laden with yesterday's paper. As we got in, the man with a sheep began to relate his dream in a worried, urgent voice. The night swooped down, drowning his white face.

* * *

We lost the way, one frenzied gleaming market night, dazed by a million lights dancing on black wet olives, blood pools on the pavement, and cauldrons of bubbling fish soup in the dirt-cheap *tavernas* of Athens. The crowd surged us down a vista of flayed lamb, into the fruit barrows. 'Lady want Pythagoras Road?' demanded a boy polishing egg-plant with his shirt, 'I show you.' Other members of the family went on polishing, as he led us under pinnacles of goat cheese crumbling onto the clientele. 'English, yes?' He must have been about 15, scruffy as Athens, in a thug jacket made either of dead tabby cat, or a fair imitation.

'How much for English teach,' he pursued, '20 drachs?' It was a low offer, for ever since the British Council Institute was forced to shut, private tutors have been in clover. When Archbishop Makarios was exiled, the Greek government banned English teaching for a time, and gave the staff notice. Young Athenians might yell at the British embassy: they still worked for a Cambridge diploma, although their university was not prepared to lend its lecture halls for the examination.

'Twenty-five drachs?' he wheedled, navigating the filthy yellow trams in Stadiou, which used to be called Churchill Street, once. Outside the American Reading Room, he confided in a tone half threatening, half apologetic, 'My friend put bomb in there.' We marched along, inarticulate, past neat grey women sweeping the gutter, and spectres, turned green by the neon, shuffling burnt chestnuts. 'I show you Greece boy,' he tried again, 'so you teach . . .' His blackberry eyes blinked, hard with disappointment. 'I shoot all f—— British!' He ran into the dark, tugging his vile ginger fur. Overhead, an austere light welled from the Archbishop's suite in the Grande Bretagne Hotel.

GERDA L. COHEN

The Arts and Entertainment

American Styling

WITH the presentation at the Royal Court last week of the winner in the *Observer* play competition and the publication (by Faber & Faber, 42s.) of the seven finalists, we can make a first assessment of its success. And the most important thing, I think, is to emphasise that, results apart, the competition achieved its object. Although we too easily tend to forget it, the object of such competitions is not primarily to discover so many good actable plays. It is to encourage young writers to turn to the theatre as a medium, and to help on latent talent among them.

The competition has done this. As a result of it there are several budding playwrights who have now had a first play produced and whose future will be watched with sympathy and interest. This is by no means a small result. It is true that the actual plays produced are unsatisfactory in rather a lot of different ways. But the amount of talent revealed is very considerable indeed; and, had it not been for this competition, it might have been lost from the theatre to the novel or the short story or poetry. It is up to theatre, then, to foster it, and make it worth these authors' while to continue in a medium which is difficult to master and which, because it is a co-operative medium requiring the team work of actors, technicians and, above all, of audiences, is so much the harder to practise.

I must find a later opportunity of returning to the consideration of the six plays published with the winner, and must turn now to some of the interesting questions raised by the selection of *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* as the prizewinner. I am uncomfortably aware that in what I have to say about it I shall seem to be perhaps unnecessarily brutal to a young playwright making his début and whose first play would in other circumstances be treated with more gentleness and restraint. So let me say first that Mr Errol John, the author, has obviously very considerable gifts as a dramatist and that, though his material is thin, he sets it off to the best advantage and knows better, I think, than any of the others how to make a play theatrically workable; and he will obviously develop this gift as he finds a theme to write about.

But clearly the judges in this competition – Kenneth Tynan, Alec Guinness, Peter Ustinov, Peter Hall and Michael Barry – were not primarily interested in finding a merely workable play. The commercial managers can be relied on to pick them pretty quickly when they appear. *The Shifting Heart*, an Australian play, and *Sit on the Earth*, an American, are also conventional in form, but less conventional in subject. The four English plays are all more original, more experimental; they all have a more interesting exploration of language; they are all more alive with stimulating off-beat ideas. What special quality has the winner?

I shall rashly challenge the adjudicators and suggest that two (no doubt wholly unconscious) considerations influenced them in choosing this West Indian play as the winner. The first, I believe, was that this play comes in the latest contemporary American-style packaging. The English four, however mad, daring, original, odd, are irreducibly English. Mr John's play is in its structure American; it comes off the Miller-Williams production line (in its styling, not in its content). And it is a sad and inescapable fact that we simply cannot, as the woeful history of design in the motor car industry demonstrates, resist the pull of American design, even when it is bad. It is not bad, of course, in the case of the plays: the Miller-Williams design is indeed a good one for American plays, and perhaps it is the right one for Trinidadian plays. But all the same, a Rattigan-shaped English play would, I suspect, have instantly been dismissed by these judges as old hat (in spite of that design being first-class). This play, too, is old hat in its design: it is good imitation of good American models. It is eye-catching like many American styles, and it has caught these judges' eyes.

The second unconscious consideration motivating the judges is, I suggest, that the play seemed eminently contemporary – and, you remember, contemporaneity was one of the specified conditions for plays in this competition. And what, you may ask, could be more contemporary than a play set in a Trinidad back yard? But a play is not made contemporary by its setting, and I shall boldly assert that this play hasn't a contemporary subject in any real sense at all; it simply plays upon two very contemporary sentimentalities: (a) that the poor and simple are somehow more interesting and more worth while than other members of the community; and (b) that they are even more so if they are black. To state this baldly is, I know, to invite the asses to jump to the conclusion that I am implying its opposite. I am not. Poverty and colour are both capable of being made as interesting subjects as any others. But surely we have by now got past the time when they can be expected to make their appeal for themselves alone. *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* has, to be brutal, nothing in it but the banal fact of poverty and colour, illustrated with banal incidents (Daddy stealing to buy beloved daughter clothes; sweet girl-friend put in the family way and left by ambitious youngster). It adds absolutely nothing to our previous experience of such situations: It neither deepens it, nor widens it. It comes from the common stock-pot of fiction reaching back to Victorian times.

The characters are as much stereotypes as the situations. I find in the language little of that 'lyricism . . . that stark, ribald, sing-song idiom' which Mr Kenneth Tynan claims for it in his preface to the published plays. Compare Mr Errol John's use of language with the best work of the best West Indian novelists, with Samuel Selvon and George Lamming, and it seems to me clear that he is not in the same class. He just doesn't, as they do, create in his rhythms and words the uniqueness of the West Indies. Take one obvious point. Mr Tynan writes: 'The title alone presages writing of uncommon quality'. Now, the title has admittedly a nice ring, but it is absolutely meaningless, whether in the context of the play or outside it. *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* means strictly nothing. But it sounds good, I agree: it sounds like an exciting new American play. Like those flaring fins on the back of American cars, it is functionless, unless it is a function to be in the fashion.

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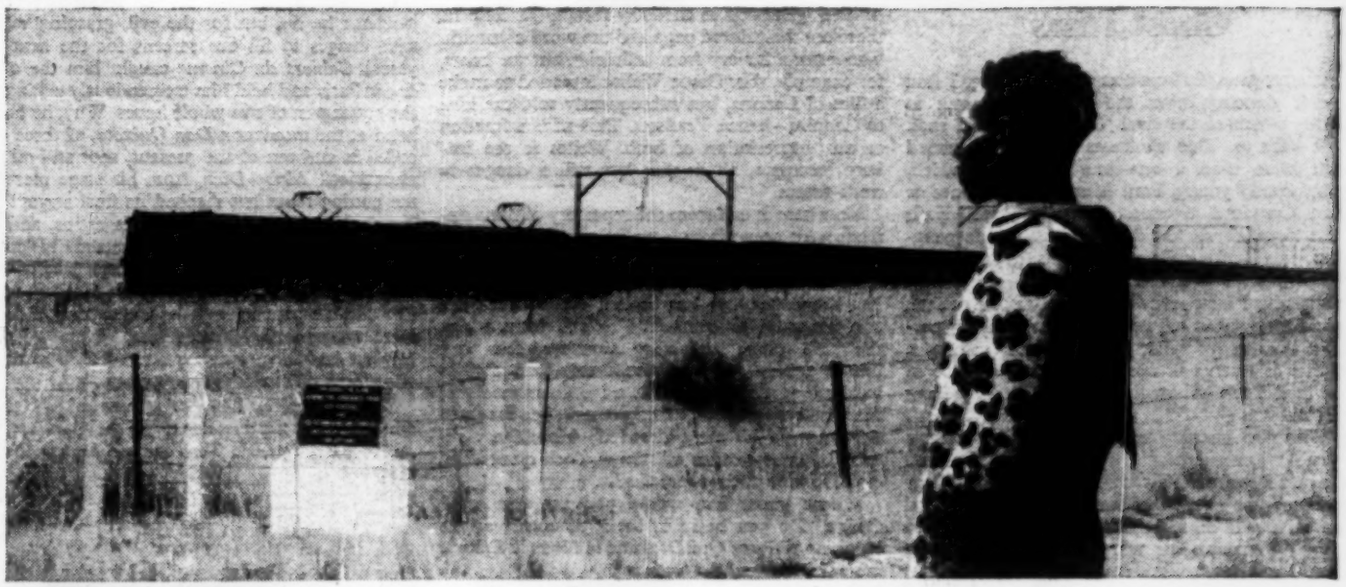

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Let me repeat, for justice sake, that these remarks are criticisms less of the playwright, Mr John, than of his judges. Mr John certainly shows very considerable technical ability with the American style play and deserves every encouragement. But, technique apart, his play is far the most naive, and his talent the least interesting on display in this collection of competition plays. Which doesn't, of course, invalidate the competition or diminish Mr John's real talent.

T. C. WORSLEY

Ghost Films

USUALLY towards 9 on Saturday evening, I find myself glancing down the TV programmes to decide which of the rival 'Great Movies' I shall hark back to. This weakness is rarely rewarded with more than a one-time sizzler in which, miraculously young, Paul Muni breaks stones or Joan Crawford tigerises through Higlif Hall; Miss Bette Davis has dwindled to blonde gangster's moll, with only a gaol-visiting part, or to something more in her line, high-sultry with Maugham; I have renewed, in such circumstances, *The General*, but enjoyed it far less, chiefly perhaps because of twenty minutes cut. Then, a couple of weekends ago, with Fonda's name as the lure, I settled down to the BBC's *The Long Night*.

With the opening sequence, the blind man stumbling on the corpse on the stairs, of course I remembered: Hollywood's re-make of *Le Jour se Lève*; and as the theft went on, I saw less and less what was on the screen and more and more what the cinema lost when Carné's masterpiece was bought out. That surprising wedge house, the conservatory; Jules Berry with his performing dogs, his spoiler's perfume; Arletty in the hotel bedroom across the way waving a sardonic goodbye with irresistible legs, while the Sunday morning bells peal; the flashbacks from objects in the beleaguered room (and this, I believe, was the first truly dramatic use of the flashback), the odd-eyed teddy, the fake brooch, the postcards from Nice; then the door flung open, and the dead man strolling in; Gabin's hunched life-in-an-hour, with a last cigarette before the smoke bombs break in. Of course, as Fonda played the part (and pretty well too), it wasn't by any means his last cigarette; in fact he gets a light from the crowd as he walks away manacled but with a new look in his eyes. Trust Hollywood for the silver lining; their kind of film best comes apart at the seams. When it was all over, I had stolen a glance at *Le Jour se Lève* for no doubt the last time, or rather as much of it as survives, like the retina's picture of the window if one closes one's eyes, in the limbo of films vanished or destroyed that once made their impact.

In that limbo of the filmgoer's mind where images and oddities, movements, arrests, inspired reassemblings of an explosion loom insidiously, a Méliès trip to the moon cuts across the latest space rocket, old films meet new, and films unseen, those that will never be realised, except here in private. I see *Sunnyside* (which I have never seen), almost as tenderly as a middle Renoir. What wouldn't I give to be able to wander, out of the Christmas shopping, into some mad little flick-house in which were unreeling the seven hours (is it seven?) of *Greed*? Eisenstein's Mexico film can almost be pieced together from what we have viewed and what we have read; and in any case those jottings of his acquire the validity of a music score. He gazes at the beginning of *Paradise Lost* or some well-known biblical passage, and we catch a little of the urgency that rises before him.

Already we are in the realm of the film unmade yet more forcibly existing than many that pass us by week after week on their rounds. In these dog days, as they are, of the cinema, such phantasms advance to the threshold. What-might-have-been momentarily displaces what-is; and, for more conviction, there's what-yet-may-be. Chaplin exists more for us in the long past and in a possible future than in that last brittle satire. Films more than any other art – except perhaps architecture – pile up in idea and gather a huge undergirth of which, like the iceberg, we know only the top; the bulk must be hazarded, calculated, glimpsed in shadowy forays. To help us there are the printed page and the word of mouth. These are a far cry from celluloid; but we know, for example, that Orson Welles intended to make a film of Landru, but subsequently sold the idea to Chaplin – hence *Verdoux*. This adds a fraction to our appreciation of both. Welles is the iceberg incarnate, all depths, but still a danger to trade routes.

Now here is one from the repertory of films unmade: An ocean liner is on its way, and the passengers are enjoying themselves in a variety of friendly contacts when news comes from the wireless room that war has broken out between the two countries or continents to and from which the ship plies; amiability vanishes, fear and hatred spring up, the whole ship-load divides into two or more camps; then it's discovered that the wireless operator, quietly insane, has invented the message he most dreaded; friendliness returns, the barricades are down, deck quoits and class resume their usual thrills.

Whose ghost film would you say that was? Clair's? Do you begin to see it tenuously as the magician of *Paris Qui Dort* and *A Nous la Liberté* might have done?

Surprisingly, it isn't his, but Pabst's. And now, I think, you will have to re-read that brief synopsis with quite different feelings and eyes: gone the light-fingered satire, dawned or dawning a perhaps grim exhibition of mankind which, in one aspect, has progressed only from throat-cutting to universal disruption. Into the limbo it goes, to gather probability: how will the engine-room develop, and scattered pacifist hopes?

But this liner happening might well have been Clair's, and his is one of the individualities it is a delight to explore beyond the bounds. I wonder, did he ever consider an adventure of the kind experienced by the Misses Jourdain and Moberley, but projected into the future – say by two carpenters who work side by side in a fake-antique shop and then one Sunday, along the banks of the Seine, discover the entrance to an underground city, in which dwell a race of mutants who have immunised themselves against a whole world gone moon-cratered? Their adventure might be a good deal lighter than its implications; and of course they would write a book, and be fêted and harried by the experts on prevision, while the world's rulers, Pygchyk and Iceclucker, go on playing with H-bomb policies as though it were a juggler's act.

Among projects of Max Ophüls listed in Richard Roud's Index of him (published by the British Film Institute) we are on more shifting ground because, although Ophüls had a style and a very individual one, he was capable of aberrations into commerce from which the self got left behind. Among dreams one may regret are *The Guardsman, Arms and the Man*, and *La Duchesse de Langeais* with Garbo. His masterpiece, as it is described here, triumphs half on paper. The *Lola Montez* shown a few months ago came to us as distorted as Eisenstein's Mexico; but already we know it as it should have been, in intention and outline, and there is a prospect, I believe, that the true *Lola Montez* may be established before it is too late.

Some visions we let go – Chaplin's of the Crucifixion in the corner of a dance hall. Others, as far-fetched, may find their way to the screen. Who was the demented Frenchman who sent us *L'Amant de Lady Chatterley*? But then, most far-fetched of all, Cocteau realises *Orphée*, *Le Sang d'un Poète*, and *La Belle et la Bête*. His are ghost films materialised; and they make much else possible.

Orson Welles? Sooner or later, with or more likely without a film, he lumbers up. What wouldn't he do, but for the evil, grasping world, with images to fill our screens for the next ten years! *Cahiers du Cinema* caught him the other day in Paris and held him tremendously talking for the better part of two whole issues. Why, he has in hand at the moment a *Don Quixote*, of three episodes in and out of the present, shot and all but assembled! *Moby Dick*, from his stage piece, in the cutting room has reached its final stages! He has the Dominici affair at his fingertips, and it's an imagery of water! Water! exclaims his interviewer. Water (replies the Master) inevitably – wait till you see it. So we shall wait. Not forgetting also another plan for making a new kind of documentary on – what would you guess? – Lollobrigida. And then, with the true wizard's touch, he announces that he is giving up films.

But we won't. The brightness of all these dreamers will flicker over us as we dive into the fleapit for *Dracula's Weekend* or *Monty Drives the Jeep*.

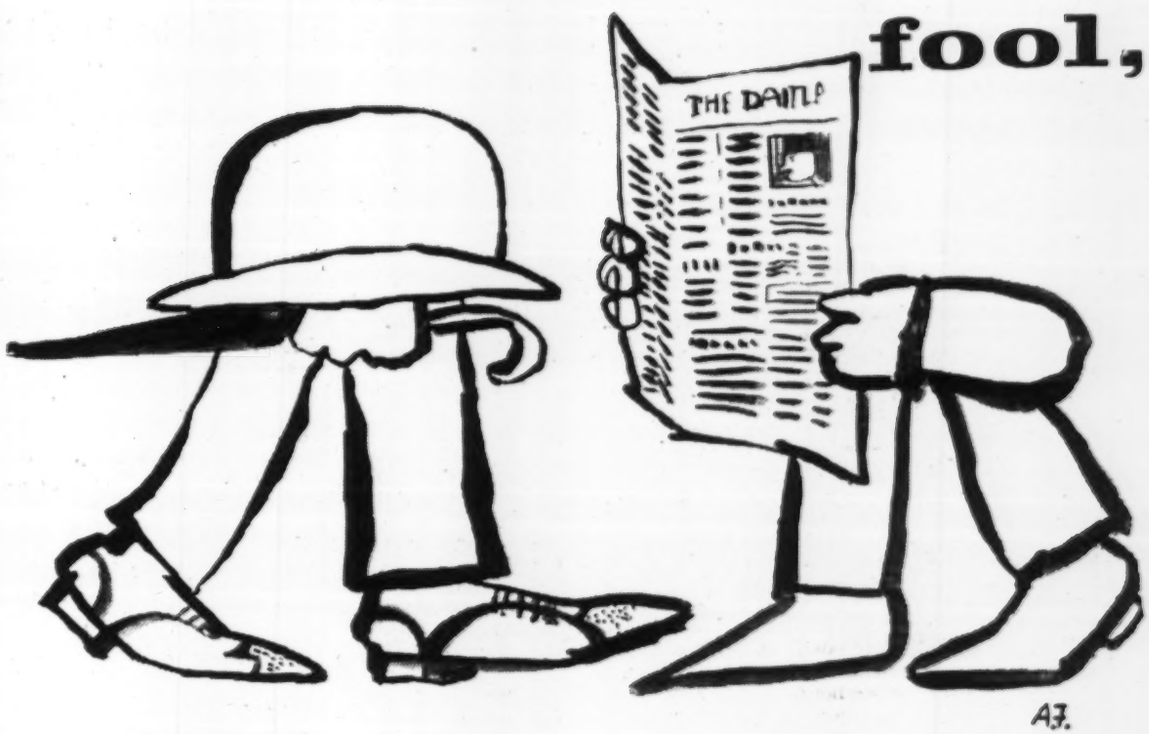
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Oedipus at Oxford

THE Oxford University Opera Club has been responsible for many interesting ventures since it was first founded in 1925. It began by staging Monteverdi at a time when his music was almost entirely unknown in this country, and had it not boldly produced *The Trojans* in 1950 we might still be waiting to hear it at Covent Garden. When one considers its enterprising attitude towards the past, it is surprising to find, however, that the Opera Club has produced hardly any contemporary works, and none at all of major importance until this year. No doubt the difficulty of learning a modern opera with only a few rehearsals has something to do with this; but last week's performances of *Oedipus Rex* and *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* showed that conviction and enthusiasm can work wonders. The choice of two such works was most ambitious. The Stravinsky makes enormous demands on the solo singers, especially Oedipus himself, and on certain departments of the orchestra; while the Ravel, all subtle embroidery after the massive architecture of *Oedipus*, needs perfection in every detail. Yet it came off very well, and gave great pleasure particularly in the first part – so much more inventive than the second, which ends by being thoroughly sentimental. John Cox's production and Michael Richardson's sets contributed most to the occasion; but their skill and imagination were supported by some enchanting individual performances, above all by Joanna Peters.

Oedipus Rex is another matter. Ravel worked 'objectively', but his music never holds any mystery; Stravinsky's does. The dramatic method in *Oedipus* is also 'objective'; like a 'police report', as Stravinsky has often said of his music, or 'minutes of the proceedings'. But these particular minutes were conceived at a thousand degrees centigrade, and as soon as we grow into the work

You meet fool,



parking foolishly, dreamer backing dreamily, bore boring in where no room. Common occurrence. Roads full of. Born every minute.

You meet pig-headed gate-post. Looks at you. Won't budge. Inch or two. Can, can't, can, can't . . . can! Slight scrape? Only bumper.

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And the glory of the Lord;
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Then shall the eyes; He shall feed His flock;
Behold the Lamb of God; He was despised;
Hallelujah!; I know that my Redeemer liveth;
Worthy is the Lamb; Amen

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we are swept along from the unique and clamorous opening to the final chorus of farewell, which is one of the great pages of twentieth-century music. At first there are certain formulas which carry disturbing associations, and more than one critic has described the passage beginning 'Mulier in vestibulo' as comic opera, because of the male chorus, the chromatic outlines and the six-eight time. But this is really to be inattentive to two things: the context, and Stravinsky's personal use of such formulas. It is very much like hearing those triplet passages in the last movement of the *Symphony of Psalms* as an expression not of joy but of barbarism.

The performance at Oxford penetrated deeper than the critics I have just mentioned, and the person chiefly responsible was of course Professor Westrup. Though he had to safeguard the ensemble by a strategic doubling of beats from time to time, his general economy of gesture showed that he had rehearsed the work well, and his reading had the kind of authority which comes only from a profound insight into the music. Inevitably there were many details which fell short of his intentions, but the chorus sang well throughout, and whenever the technical difficulties were not too formidable, he drew a remarkable intensity of sound from the orchestra.

It was the staging which left most to be desired, and the solo singing. Here nearly everything depends on Oedipus himself, and though Terence Conoley improved as the music became less ornate, he never quite surmounted the difficulties of the part. Who is there, indeed, who can sing this role with both the power and the refined artistry that are required? As to the production, I do not of course imagine everything to be as straightforward as one might think from studying the preface to the score. Even the Speaker cannot be entirely 'detached'; there must surely be a certain irony in him, and a certain dramatic force as well. It might be an excellent part for Alec Guinness. At the same time I believe John Cox could have followed the indications a little more than he did. The stage should have been built up, and the whole treatment should have been grander and more formal. And could there not have been some sign of the relationship between Oedipus and Jocasta? The only thing they seemed to have in common was a deplorable habit of getting offstage by slinking behind the backcloth. Nevertheless I still want to congratulate the Opera Club on a great achievement. It was the finest evening it has given us since putting on *The Trojans* eight years ago.

Two days earlier Sir Thomas Beecham had conducted the Berlioz *Requiem* at the Festival Hall. Having such great memories of a performance he gave at the Albert Hall eleven years ago, I went with enthusiasm, was placed about four rows from the front of the stalls, and sat through the entire work without experiencing any thrill at all. I could see that the orchestra was playing with complete devotion both to Sir Thomas and to the music itself; as I watched the violas in the *Agnus Dei* I could tell that they had never done better in their lives. But if I had to write only of the beauty I actually witnessed, I should not be able to begin.

Of course this extraordinary work should never be performed in the Festival Hall. Not only because the brass bands have to answer one another from across the street instead of from the four corners of the earth, but because dryness destroys the very basis of Berlioz's imaginative conception; so much is lost if the sound cannot spread and quiver. Even so, there are many quiet corners of the *Requiem* that might have survived if only the chorus had given them a chance: parts of the *Kyrie*, the *Offertorium*, the end of the *Rex Tremendae Majestatis* where the words 'Salva me' occur each time with a new harmonic setting. The Festival Hall is far from ideal even for such passages as these, but whatever else it may do, it cannot hide evidence of rhythmic vitality. No doubt it is very hard in the *Offertorium* for the chorus to sustain its fantasy on two notes without being either too negative or too dramatic; but how can one sing those marvellous entries of 'Salva me' as though they had been invented in a mood of mild melancholy by Niels W. Gade? Whatever did Sir Thomas Beecham think of all this? So far as I could judge, his reading had become more sober and profound, more closely involved with the unspectacular moments of the *Requiem* than eleven years ago. But dullness is a word entirely missing from his vocabulary; he cannot have been satisfied.

WILLIAM GLOCK

Noisier Than Thou

WHAT might be described as a meeting of cultures occurred this week. Those in charge of sound-effects for the new Sadler's Wells production of *Schwanda the Bagpiper* wanted some particularly bloodcurdling ululations for the scene set in hell. Some inspiration led them to get in touch with those in charge of *Oh Boy!*, commercial television's Saturday night 'explosion of beat music' – and *Oh Boy!* was proud to lend Sadler's Wells a recording of the shrill squeals with which female 'teen-agers react to the guttural and pelvic manifestations of their favourite male singers.

The begetter and target of these particular squeals would have been 18-year-old Cliff Richard, who – only four months ago an unknown junior clerk in a lamp-factory – has been rising in popular fame so fast that his records now sell in hundreds of thousands and his face adorns the cover of this week's *TV Times*. Strongly backed by several instrumental and vocal groups – notably the five Dallas Boys (who, when they sing that they are *'gonna keep on a-travellin' down that road to freedom'*, remind me of the good American Radical singers) – Mr Richard has been, for some weeks running, the vibrant centrepiece of *Oh Boy!* 'Vibrant' is apt: his mobility is extreme, the jerkings of his torso and his vocal mannerisms seem to be based on those of P. F. C. Presley – and after all, as his supporters point out to his detractors, citing instances from Augustan poets to post-impressionist painters, he is not the first artist to have been influenced by the style of others. Because of a certain deliberate incoherence in his delivery, the general noise of the attendant bands, and the descant of fan-squeals, it is rarely possible to decipher the words of his songs; but I did catch two lines a few Saturdays ago. They were: *'Honey, get your boppin' shoes Before the juke-box blows a fuse'*.

His appeal to his age- and class-group is calculated by his skilful entourage. His clothes – dark or loudly striped shirts, suits of post-Teddy 'Italian' cut – are those which the males of the group wear or would like to wear. Though he is said to be in private life a modest and likeable Hertfordshire lad, he has been taught to assume just the right look of delinquent fretfulness: his eyes have the smouldering but fixed glare of a sulky basilisk; his coiffure is mountainously upswept. A menacingly one-sided Ozymandias curl of the lip reveals strong incisors. (His business manager fears that when he has a tooth straightened, as he wants to, he may start smiling rather too amiably.) His gestures are loose and unhack-

neyed, his gyrations rather more formal; sometimes he seems to be singing in a trance.

Two points of some social interest may be made. Like many singers of his kind (for instance Johnny Ray in his hey-day), Mr Richard seems to release the inhibitions of a good many of the frustrated young; in so far as, by such release, they are relieved of a compulsion to go out and beat up Negroes at Notting Hill, his function is harmless and even, classically, quasi-religious. Nor is the parallel with a god of antique mythology impossibly far-fetched: when Mr Richard appears in person at a theatre, two policemen are required to escort him surreptitiously from his dressing-room to the taxi that waits at an unexpected door; it is apparently feared that, like maenads in pursuit of Orpheus, his fans would tear him apart (though probably not, in, say, Finsbury Park, eat him).

Secondly, when singers who have become famous through TV appear at suburban or provincial variety theatres, those theatres are packed. TV, regarded as a great enemy of the living theatre, may thus indirectly help to keep it alive.

Meanwhile, one consequence of the success of *Oh Boy!* is that the BBC is killing *Six-five Special* and replacing it (on January 3) with a show, designed to compete even more directly with *Oh Boy!*, called *Dig This*. 'The accent,' says a BBC spokesman, 'will be on noise.' *Six-five Special* – fast-moving and advanced a couple of years ago – has lately seemed to be losing pace and to be becoming dated. (The date, being 1956, is insufferably obsolete.) Despite Jim Dale and other excellent individual performers, too much of it is merely like a session at a rather tatty *palais de danse*.

It is difficult to find out just how many viewers the two shows attract, and there is a discrepancy between the rival claims far wider than usual. For *Oh Boy!* the programme company concerned, ABC, claim some 7,200,000 (including 2m. under-15s), and allege that, of sets on which both programmes can be got, nearly three times as many are switched to *Oh Boy!* as to *Six-five Special*. This is denied by the BBC, who claim a total over-16 audience of 5m. and say that, even in homes-with-a-choice, *Six-five* (in October) was more often than not ahead of *Oh Boy!* Methods of assessment are so different that no exact comparison can readily be made.

When the future of television is seriously debated, the bases of BBC audience-research and of the commercial ratings ought to be thoroughly gone into, possibly by the 'Beveridge' committee which will no doubt be considering the whole subject; for accurate audience-measurements will then be of more than academic or advertising interest. At the moment, one can only say that there seem to be an awful lot of viewers on both channels around 6 p.m. on Saturdays.

* * *

Since I referred in advance, a bit dubiously, to Tuesday night's BBC play on Cyprus, *Incident at Echo Six*, by Troy Kennedy Martin, I ought to say that I found it much less objectionable than the loaded discussions and features on Cyprus of which I complained. A Greek-Cypriot, indeed, would hardly have enjoyed it, and there were some of the usual sneers (legitimately in character) at 'politicians', unspecified; but for the most part it was a moving study of tension between two young Army officers of conflicting temperaments. The only people likely to object would be retired blimps shocked by the moments of hysteria. Both play and actors conveyed effectively the atmosphere of 'eight hours of nothing when Driver Brown died'.

TOM DRIBERG

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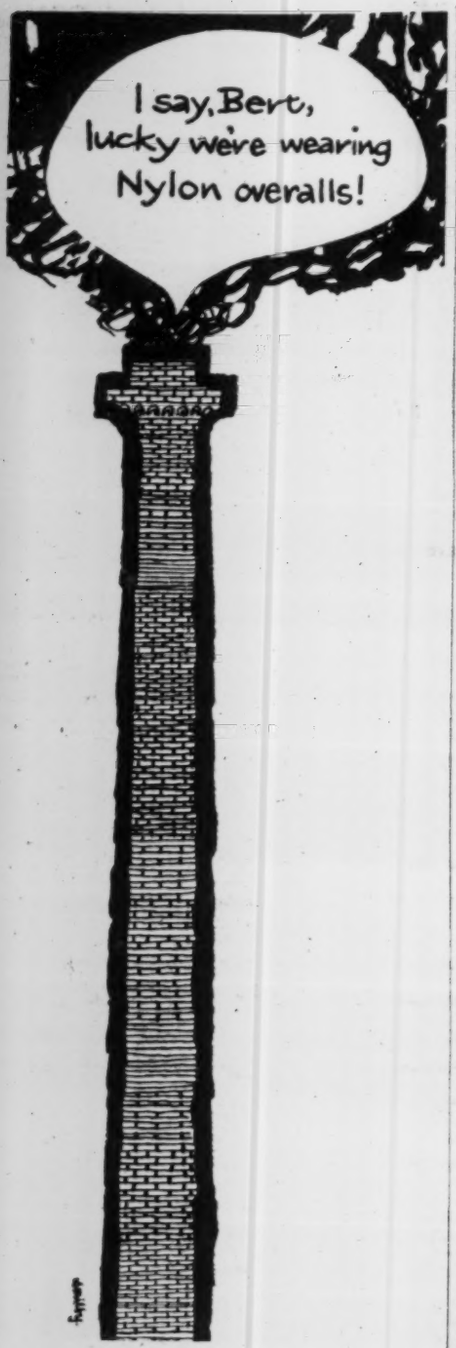

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Correspondence

MR BUTLER'S BROADCAST

SIR,—Mr Butler gave a recorded broadcast on Saturday. Now he is a man of great stature, a man of honour and generally trusted by a great many people. Yet, (1) he boasted of the government's administration without mentioning the rise in prices. (2) He said the government had built two or three times the number of houses that the Labour government did, but he avoided all reference to the difficulties of starting building after the war, to war damage and to the necessary public works. (3) He said Labour had a deficiency of £1,600 millions and the Tories a surplus of £800 millions in the balance of payments and, in handing this over to us as if his government alone had achieved it, he made no reference to the world situation which had brought it about. (4) He said how much better the government conducted foreign policy than Labour but he did not mention the shame of Suez, Cyprus and our being almost on the 'brink' ever since the government took office. (5) He spoke of a 'healthy' pound, but made no reference at all to the main difficulty, that of restraining the speculators from depleting our foreign exchange reserves when it suits them, nor to the high Bank rates which the government found to be the only way of curbing their speculations. He did not mention Bank rate policy, which must have cost the taxpayer something like £1,000 millions since 1951. (6) Whilst he avoided mentioning rising prices, he boasted of increasing pensions three times—which was done because of the rise in prices, and then very grudgingly.

B. W. DALE

27 Ridgeway Road
Salisbury

FILM CENSORSHIP

SIR,—The Secretary of the British Board of Film Censors in his reply to William Whitebait denies that political censorship was exercised when the Board refused its certificate to *Operation Teutonic Sword* and states that a certificate was refused because the film 'made serious allegations against a living person without providing an opportunity for that person to refute the charges or to produce alternative evidence'.

We are informed that the original letter of refusal contained the following additional sentence: 'Furthermore it is critical of a government with which this country has friendly diplomatic relations, without providing an opportunity for its charges to be refuted'.

This statement, if it were maintained, would make a denial of political considerations rather difficult to accept. If, however, last week's letter to the NEW STATESMAN means that the British Board of Film Censors has abandoned its second ground for refusal of a certificate, it would be well to examine the implications of a decision based solely on its first ground.

Now, if we must have a public censorship, it is surely fundamental that it should operate only in the interests of the public. Yet here we have public censorship operating solely to protect a private reputation. If the 'serious allegations' to which the Board refers constitute a defamatory representation, the individual concerned has the protection of the courts. If they do not, what right has the Board to use its censorship powers to prevent legitimate discussion of an individual's reputation? What principle of public interest is involved?

It may be claimed that the British Board of Film Censors is not a statutory authority, but a glance at the last Model Licensing Conditions issued to the local authorities by the Home Office in September, 1955 makes it perfectly clear that the Board is the body through whom the local authorities will exercise their censorship powers. Clause 1 reads:

> No film shall be exhibited unless:
> (a) It has received a 'U', 'A' or 'X' certificate of the British Board of Film Censors, or
> (b) It is a current news-reel which has not been submitted to the British Board of Film Censors.

The exemptions granted to certain non-commercial exhibitions and the provision for a direct approach to each of the several hundred local authorities for special permission to exhibit in its area, merely emphasise the extent to which the Board's certificate governs the general censorship of films.

It may be that the Board, conscious of the fact that its past decisions give some guidance to film producers on what may be safely produced, also feels that it should protect exhibitors from the cost of legal actions for defamation. There would be nothing, in principle, against the film industry setting up a body to examine films from this viewpoint, but the decisions of such a body would be purely advisory and it could have no connection with the British Board of Film Censors, whose certificate is used by the local authorities to enforce a censorship on grounds which are, in fact, defined in the Model Licensing Conditions.

These general conditions under which a film may be banned (Clause 10) are 'that it contains matter which, if exhibited, would offend against good taste or decency or would be likely to encourage or incite to crime or to lead to disorder or to be offensive to public feeling'. There is nothing in these words to cover the protection of private reputations or for that matter to cover criticism of a government with which this country has 'friendly diplomatic relations'.

Whether the Board is in fact exercising a political censorship which it will not acknowledge, or whether it sees itself as an organization for the protection of exhibitors, or whether some other motive is causing it to take the decision it has taken in the case of *Operation Teutonic Sword*, one thing is evident. It is operating outside the conditions within which a local authority may ban a film and if the acceptance of its certificates by the local authorities is to continue it must change its practice at once.

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN

The National Council
For Civil Liberties
293 New King's Road, SW6

CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

SIR,—Your paragraph on the Sick Child lacks proportion and vision. One of the most exciting achievements of modern medicine has been the revolutionary improvement in child health. As a result, over a third of all the pædiatric beds in England and Wales are empty. It is inevitable that there will be changes in the amount and type of accommodation required for children. Yet instead of rejoicing in the decrease of suffering for children and parents, your main concern seems to be the retention of children's hospitals in their old form.

I am particularly concerned with this subject as parent of a child who has had, over a long period, to face frequent admissions to hospitals, and as a hospital almoner who has seen much of the problems that a period in hospital causes the child and the family. The child's stay in hospital must be seen as a break in his normal family life, and to satisfy his emotional needs in hospital and make easier his readjustment to home life after his discharge, it is vital that the tie between himself and his parent should be met by frequent visiting. For this reason, the Ministry of Health has recommended daily visiting for young children. This is not possible when children are sent a long way from home to a large children's hospital on the outskirts of London, like Queen Mary's, Carshalton. There are two significant facts about this hospital which has done remarkable pioneer work. First, over a third of the beds are empty. Secondly, a quarter of the child patients who are in this hospital come from outside the region. How can they all be visited daily? Indeed, I understand the hospital only has three regular visiting days in the week.

In the future, we shall have to accept smaller children's units, where contact can be maintained between parent and child, and to devise ways of spreading a high standard of child care evenly throughout the country. You rightly stress the value

of the hospital school at Queen Mary's, and no one would dispute that education is necessary for the long stay child. But only a third of the children in Queen Mary's are long stay cases. Moreover, teachers and hospital schools are already available for children in some other hospitals and can be provided by any local education authority.

It is unlikely that there will ever again be enough sick children living sufficiently near Queen Mary's to justify such a large hospital. It therefore seems right that the accommodation should be used for another group of children—the mentally sub-normal—at present housed in totally unsuitable buildings elsewhere. This, I understand, is what is proposed.

MARGARET BRAMALL

8 Trafalgar Road
Twickenham

HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

SIR,—I have seldom read so dispirited an article as that of Mr Hamish Mackinven entitled 'The Pier at Stroma'. It breathes a spirit of defeatism and is quite 20 years out of date. He makes so many extraordinary statements that I hardly know where to begin. For instance: 'Many of us would do anything rather than return to the place of our birth, a few would politely refuse the fare'. I wish Mr Mackinven would speak only for himself and the Mull of Kintyre. It is most unwise to generalise about the Highlands and Islands. Professional people in Skye are nearly all returned Skyemen with a sprinkling of Lewismen for seasoning. Teachers and nurses, too, throughout the island are largely recruited from local girls, who, in spite of 'getting on in the world', whatever that may mean, have chosen to come back. Apart from the professions there are waiting lists for small holdings, houses have been improved enormously and with electricity and a piped water supply can gladden the heart of any housewife. The tourist trade is booming.

I do agree about feudal conditions in some parts of the Highlands, though not here, but, surely, the remedy for that is not dashing off to California but putting up a fight on the county councils. I have to smile over Mr Mackinven's delightful picture of successive governments pouring money into the Highlands and Islands! If he had ever served on a county council he would know that all the government does is to cut grants on roads, houses, education or what have you, whenever it can, in order, no doubt, to be able to dash in and out of places like Jordan.

M. H. MACPHERSON

1 Torvaig
Portree, Skye

AUSTRALIAN POPULATION

SIR,—In his Australian Diary, Critic implied that Australia is grossly underpopulated and could provide homes for large numbers of Asia's surplus population were it not for its 'sinful' White Australia policy. In fact, as Sir Julian Huxley points out in his essay in *The Human Sum*, edited by C. H. Rolph, Australia's open spaces are largely a mirage.

Though only 2.5 per cent of the island is cultivated at the moment, it is doubtful if more than 7.5 per cent can ever be brought under cultivation. Some put the number of people that Australia could eventually support at 50 millions but many think this an over-estimate. Australia's own rate of population growth—one of the world's highest at 2.5 per cent a year—will need all the available space for its own requirements and, in any case, could not absorb even one year's increase of Asia's population. It is to be hoped that countries like India, China and Indonesia are aware of these hard facts. The Sahara Desert is as likely to provide a home for their citizens as most of Australia.

JOHN MAY

University College Union
Dumfries Place
Cardiff

[Reference is made to this letter in the 'London Diary' this week.—ED., *NS.*]

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TRANSPORT IN TROUBLE

SIR,—No doubt the Editor of *Automation Progress* is right in saying that railways and roads ought to be run as 'an integrated transport system'. At present it is run on two different principles; British Railways have to pay all their own running costs, while road operators find their permanent way—the road—constructed, repaired, policed, signalled and lighted by the ratepayer. That is why road transport seems cheap. In all forms of transport the permanent way is the governing factor in cost.

If you want to equalise conditions between road and rail, you must charge the cost of track, stations, and so on to the taxpayer, and charge British Railways with so much per mile for all trains run. Note that the ratepayer gets his contribution from the railways (if the rating system remains as it was before nationalisation) according to the ascertained profits, as he did from tramways, but not from motor buses.

J. E. ALLEN

2 St Peter's Terrace
Cambridge

THE LIVELY ART

SIR,—In his review of a mixed bag of contemporary plays Mr Robert Robinson has made a most extraordinary attack upon the drama in the Thirties and some poets and novelists who at that time adopted the dramatic form and made their forum in the theatre. Mr Robinson writes: 'A pasty child, the drama in the Thirties—kept at home and brought up by poets and never on any account allowed out to play in Shaftesbury Avenue. They gave it private tutors and turned it into an egregious little prig, and it died and went to heaven, where it was surrounded by angels at last, only too late.'

I do not know if Mr Robert Robinson is so young that he cannot remember, or so old that he has forgotten, but both my memory and my files recall a very different scene. The writers that he mentions were then young men, becoming increasingly well known through their published works. They formed a play-producing company and made the theatre a platform for their ideas. Committed to the anti-Fascist struggle (a minority but not exactly a coterie), many of these writers did their best work inspired by the Republican cause in Spain.

This 'pasty child, the drama in the Thirties' had many other activities. Besides drawing poets and novelists into the theatre, it was the time of the great creative periods of established playwrights such as O'Casey, Priestley, Coward. More than half-a-dozen small theatres pursued independent policies that bore fruit many years later. Michel St Denis and Tyrone Guthrie were giants training young actors and directors for a hopeful future. America, in a frenzy of political, humanist, dramatic liberty, provided a stimulus. If my memory is not at fault it was a very wide, argumentative, vital combination of poets, novelists, playwrights, actors, technicians, musicians and theatregoers.

The drama in the Thirties did not die and go to heaven; it stopped (dead stop from one day to the next!) and went to war. The experiment at the Royal Court is the heir of experience in the Thirties.

If such fascinating experimentalists as Ionesco, Genet and Beckett, in their brief moment in the theatre today, seem not to have written for a coterie, might it not be that the professional writer in France is not separate from the normal herd and, at once, can find himself a forum in the theatre?

I cannot help thinking that, in translation to our stage, their work is still dependent upon a coterie which now, as in the Thirties, is composed of genuine intelligences as well as fabulous figures.

Mr Robinson's poles, pins and behinds bewilder me, and I feel my age and remember my youth in the Thirties when the issues, for a brief time, were clear.

BEATRIX LEHMANN

London, WC1

SIR,—Mr Ashley Dukes and Mr Robert Medley chide me for suggesting that the verse drama of the Thirties was a private affair. They point out that some of the plays were actually put on at theatres. But I cannot accept that an airing at the Mercury, the Little, the Gate, or even the Westminster or the Old Vic (of that period) did more than show that the child could be allowed out so long as the climate was right.

The drama of today may well attract a minority audience—it very often does at the Royal Court. But it is not written *for* a minority audience. This is the fundamental difference between it and the poets' drama of the Thirties. A play at the Royal Court may ultimately transform its minority audience into a public audience, the drama of the Thirties absolutely depended on the minority never losing its identity.

They were poets, not playwrights (though Mr Eliot, as I have said, became one) and their 'drama' was little more than poetry on legs. It has no heirs.

ROBERT ROBINSON

16 Cheyne Row, SW3

THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES

SIR,—In his review of Quentin Anderson's *The American Henry James*, V. S. Pritchett admits that he does not enjoy reading the later works of Henry James. In his ensuing review, he shows that he is unaware that most critics and scholars are agreed that Anderson's thesis is untenable. The view that James's novels are explicable in the light of his father's Swedenborgian philosophy ignores many facts about the life of the novelist, and is based upon gross misinterpretations of the novels.

Anderson's book was reviewed in *The Times Literary Supplement* over a year ago [on the appearance of the American edition]. Two letters were printed about the review, one from myself and one from Leon Edel. Edel quoted evidence from his study of Jamesian manuscripts to show that many of Anderson's views, his interpretation of the origin of Gabriel Nash, for example, are not in accord with the facts. There is plenty of evidence to show that James disagreed completely with his father's metaphysical beliefs. In 1885 he wrote to his brother, William, that he could not accept what he called his father's 'extraordinary premises'. V. S. Pritchett himself sees that it is nonsense to argue that the date 1713, in Gothic letters over the gate in *The Golden Bowl*, refers to the union of the one in seven, man, with the one in three, God. This is the type of ingenious criticism which makes Anderson's book comparable to those treatises which prove that Shakespeare was written by Bacon. Fortunately critics in both America and Britain have already published replies to Anderson's conclusions. At one point V. S. Pritchett writes: 'Instinct calls out a Johnsonian "No, Sir".' Let us all cry 'Amen', and return to common sense.

CHARLES B. COX

The University
Hull

MARIE STOPES

SIR,—By arrangement with the executors of the late Dr Marie Stopes we have commissioned Mr Keith Briant to write her official biography. We shall be most grateful if any of your readers who possess letters from Dr Stopes, or who could provide personal recollections of her, would be kind enough to make them available to Mr Briant through us. All original documents will be carefully copied and returned without delay.

IAN PARSONS

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BASIL BLACKWELL
49 Broad St. Oxford.

ART BOOKS

Humanists and Wild Ones

HENRY MOORE'S *Heads, Figures and Ideas** contains some valuable stuff for the art-historian. Opposite a pencil drawing of Moore's (?) own left hand are notes made when Julian Huxley came to plead for ideas that he wished to have incorporated in the sculpture commissioned for the new Unesco building. Moore finally decided on a single Reclining Figure which tells no story, one of what he has called his 'wild ones', only larger and perhaps more noble, and carved in *Stone same as top of building . ie – in Roman travertine.* Two pages of rapid pencil sketches record the first ideas for what was eventually carved; but a large number of drawings in different techniques, some of them life-studies, some ideal groups enriched with colour-washes and orange chalk, record presumably earlier experiments in realising Huxley's humanist ideas. One unusually pictorial pen-sketch shows a group of no less than eight men and women with the compassionate character almost of a *Pietà.* Others, more developed and more formally composed, are an elaboration of his Family Group idea with four or more figures, united sometimes less by their relation to each other than by the architecture of their massive seats and settings. One of these has the four Continents gazing majestically from a concave bench.

It was Julian Huxley who breathed most of the life into Unesco; and as an admirer of both men I should have rejoiced personally in the occurrence of such a combination as often occurred between artist and humanist in the Renaissance. But the Renaissance had died of inanition some time before Henry Moore came on the scene. He belongs to a new era. Indeed perhaps he more than anyone else has given expression to something that the new era had to express.

Certainly there is no need to regret his decision over the sculpture in Paris. Unesco is a universal idea, and Moore's Reclining Figure is a universal, noble thing. Constructed as if by the forces of nature within contours which suggest a being of some remote, more majestic and less transient race, it reposes watchfully, well above the pettinesses of humanity but a reminder of the grandeur to which humanity's ideas may reach. It is no less universal because this type of reclining figure is so thoroughly Moore's own invention, the richest of all his characteristic forms. Nor because of the Englishness of its landscape quality, its powerful suggestion of mountains and caves. This feeling for wild nature, expressed already in paint by Turner but never, I believe, in sculpture before, is one of England's best gifts to the world.

The triumph thus recorded of Moore's wild and arbitrary – and superhuman – side on the occasion of his most important commission contrasts oddly with some pencil jottings recording states of mind. For instance, below a postcard reproduction of the XVIIIth Dynasty wood-carvings of a nearly half-length Princess (?) in the Archæological Museum in Florence, which is stuck on to one page: *I would give everything, if I could get into my sculpture the same amount of humanity & seriousness; nobility & experience . acceptance of life, distinction, & aristocracy . with absolutely no tricks no affectation . no self consciousness . looking straight ahead, no movement, but more alive . than a real person.* This seems tantamount to a wish that he were quite another kind of sculptor, but a wish that any artist might momentarily have who knew his own limitations as well as his strength. Perhaps there is more significance in the statement, several pages below: *The great, (the continual, everlasting) problem (for me) is to combine Sculptural form (POWER) with human sensitivity & meaning . i.e to keep Primitive Power with humanist content,* especially since it is followed immediately by the resolution: *Not to bother about stone sculpture versus modelling – Bronze versus plaster construction – welding etc – but finding the common essentials in all kinds of sculpture.*

This resolution is a long way from the dictum in *Unit One,* 1934, which has been frequently quoted and republished with Moore's approval since†. 'Truth to Material' was then placed first in a list of five qualities which Moore declared to be of fundamental importance to himself: '*Truth to material.* Every material has its own individual qualities. It is only when the sculptor works direct, when there is an active relationship with his material, that the material can take its part in the shaping of an idea.' Gill and Epstein had been carving stone themselves in conscious distinction from their more academic predecessors and contemporaries, and had already said rather similar things. The idea was in the air. But Moore was not merely following the fashion then, and these words of 1958 are not exactly a recantation now. They represent a step in evolution.

His very strength has lain in the fact that always he has worked everything out for himself, in the terms of his art, in solid form. In his earliest carvings one feels, and one is intended to feel, the density, the dead weight of the stone. The base was often carved in one with the form, a reminder of the inert block which had been chiselled away as it took shape. It was only when he knew how to get the full expressive value from these qualities of weight and mass that he began to explore the potentialities of others, some of them their opposites, to let light and air into the very substance of his forms. Some of these in the past have been 'abstract' in the most limited sense of the word, stemming from 'Cubism' and the narrow æsthetic which the movement generated. If these were saved from being 'arty', one of the reasons at least was the part that the material had taken in the shaping of the idea. In very many others a human element, manifest in a great variety of degrees, has been subordinated to principles of construction which are at least much more evident in natural objects, in flints, in shells, in bones of animals. These suggestions of wild nature in the structure of his forms, which have given to the Reclining Figures, for instance, their remote, mysterious landscape quality, have been partly due in their turn to the material in which the form was conceived and executed. It would be a natural enough step in Moore's evolution to find that he can rise above the material altogether. But one does not expect to see it written in a book which records the evolution of the Travertine Reclining Figure.

It is most surprising when it is read as support to the praise of Humanism. Throughout his career Moore has alternated deliberately between sculptures with a considerable degree of 'humanist' feeling, like the Northampton Madonna or the Harlow New Town Family Group, and the 'wild ones', like the Reclining Figures in the Tate Gallery or at Unesco. But the ultimate criterion of any 'humanist' work is the degree of illusion that there is a soul within the sculptured body. In Moore's work the 'humanist' content is always limited in comparison for instance with that in a great sculpture of the Renaissance. It has to be judged rather by the standards of the twentieth century, with the century's decided emphasis upon formal qualities. By these all his sculptures are seen to be powerful and splendid. But it is perhaps in his 'wild ones' that he has made his greatest and most personal contribution to the sum of æsthetic experience.

Such a suggestion is certainly not contradicted by *Heads, Figures and Ideas.* The studies from life with which this rather empty volume is puffed out are few of them Henry Moore at his best. Some of the sketches have evidently been blown up in the process of reproduction, and the process itself is one which fails to reproduce the original bite into the paper of the pencil or pen. It would be wrong to expect of this book impressions as rich and vital as those which filled the *Shelter Sketch-book.* The shelter drawings were made as records and are complete in themselves; while these are working drawings, many of them no more than reminders, like some of the phrases jotted down, of future intentions. The selection seems somewhat arbitrary. Besides valuable stuff for the art-historian there are glimpses into the creative process interesting to everyone, and there are some splendid monumental drawings. Nevertheless, with its Jumbo size the whole makes an unsatisfactory compromise between a sketch-book and a Christmas album. It is only in the latter context that the 'Comment' by Geoffrey Grigson seems at all appropriate.

PHILIP HENDY

* *Heads, Figures and Ideas: A Sculptor's Notebook.* By HENRY MOORE. *George Rainbird.* £10.

† *e.g.* by Herbert Read, who has done much to get Moore's ideas recorded; see *Henry Moore,* now in its 4th, completely revised edition, edited by David Sylvester: Vol. I, p. xxx.

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Master of Baroque

Art and Architecture in Italy, 1600-1750. By RUDOLF WITTKOWER. *Penguin Books.* 70s.

The form this book takes is determined by the character of the series to which it belongs, the Pelican History of Art, and by the decisions of its general editor, Nikolaus Pevsner. It is one of 48 volumes in a general survey of world art from prehistory to Tachisme, which embraces the Far and Near East, Europe, America—in fact, any useless image invented anywhere at any time by man. The greatest scholars in the world have been drafted into its service and we have already had many volumes which can be taken (for the time being only, because, of course, ideas change the whole time as new facts come to light) as the last word. The only serious trouble is that, for some reason never properly explained, there is an emphasis on English art at the expense of the rest of the world. Now English art is not very good. It is true that Ellis Waterhouse served up a substantial meal with his three centuries of English painting, but one would like to know how the art historian entrusted with the volume devoted solely to English sculpture over roughly the same period will manage to make her 250-odd pages of text and 200 plates meaty. I could name with difficulty six English sculptors within her period. They would be names vaguely recalled from guidebooks to the monuments in English parish churches, and would probably be quite unfamiliar to any foreigner, so provincial have they remained. The volume under review, on the other hand, is devoted to art and architecture in Italy from 1600 to 1750 and includes the anything but provincial names of Caravaggio, the Carracci, Guido Reni, Domenichino, Guercino, Lys, Strozzi, Pietro da Cortona, Sacchi, Salvator Rosa, Maratti, Pozzo, Stanzione, Giordano, Crespi, Piazzetta, Tiepolo, Canaletto, Maderno, Bernini, Borromini, Longhena, Juvarra, Guarini, Vittone, Algardi, Duquesnoy—to mention just a few of the outstanding. Some of these men made more distinguished contributions than all English sculptors put together.

In other words, Professor Wittkower has been entrusted with a subject which one would have sworn was beyond the powers of one man to control. The miracle is that he has turned a battle against impossible odds into a decisive victory. He is about the only scholar who could have done so. I know of no one else who is equally at home in all three arts of architecture, sculpture and painting all over Italy during this crucial, many-sided, and continuously changing century and a half. I am not qualified to check up on him except in cases where I have undertaken some research myself; in all these cases I have found that he provides us with a just summary of the evidence as it now stands (or stood when he delivered his manuscript, because new discoveries are being made literally month by month). For the moment his book is indeed the last word. If his subject had been the Quattrocento, it would remain the last word for some time since the key points in this century have already been adequately plotted. But the Baroque period is in a constant state of flux; and we shall have to annotate our copies of Wittkower if we want it to remain a permanently reliable reference book.

I do not wish to give the impression that his book is merely accurate. This can be achieved by lesser men with hard work and a cool head. Wittkower makes us approach the Baroque from a new angle. The wide areas of time and space he covered have forced him to make a ruthless selection of his material, and to deal out the material he could use in some sort of pattern. The very limitations imposed on him have helped to give the book a quite original character. Up to now there has been a tendency to treat the artists making up the epoch as innumerable separate individuals (and this is why two of the best who lend themselves most willingly to this treatment, Caravaggio and Tiepolo, have been receiving most attention). Wittkower concentrates on the greatest artists, giving them generous space and putting their imitators firmly in their place, but instead of showing them tackling their separate problems for their own gratification, he represents them as collaborating on vast enterprises, more grandiose even than themselves, in which other artists working in other media play equally important roles. Thus it is not surprising to find Bernini and Pietro da Cortona emerging as the real heroes and all the little painters on whom the rest of us lavish such devoted care, relegated to subsidiary paragraphs and packed footnotes. The three arts of architecture, sculpture and painting are shown to be intimately related. This Trinity has always been dimly recognised, but no one who had not Wittkower's deep acquaintance with all three arts could have demonstrated so clearly their interdependence. From now onwards, every study of the period will be coloured by his vision of it.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Self-Indulgence

The Last Works of Henri Matisse. By PIERRE REVERDY and GEORGES DUTHUIT. *Zwemmer : Verve.* 10 *gns.*

Matisse: His Art and His Public. By ALFRED H. BARR, JR. *Mayflower.* 100s.

The cover sharpens one's appetite. Matisse's long collaboration in the medium of cut-paper with the publisher, M. Tériade, culminates in orange and deep pink, good enough to eat. One is half-stunned by the chic of the book and its air of authority. Its two predecessors in the Verve series of late works by great masters, the suite of Picasso drawings and the Braque sketchbooks, have been the two most beautiful things in the whole recent literature of art. This time there is a disappointment in store. This book could almost spoil the great works of a great artist for one. Before one has had it open for long, one has half-forgotten what the real *papiers collés* look like: a garish and repugnant image replaces them. This intimidatingly tasteful production in fact betrays a failure of taste, a failure on a lavish and terrific scale to understand the essential virtues of the works which it is its purpose to illustrate.

The point of the *papiers collés* themselves is not their brightness. As one approaches them—great, mild, fragile-seeming surfaces (like the one on the stairs of the Musée d'Art Moderne), slightly cockled, and stained with the streaks of the gouache—one is aware of a kind of surprise which is precisely *not* this surprise. One's attention is caught first by a sense of the material. There is an extraordinary impersonal delicacy about it and thus about the dispersed design which the huge sheet bears. Its grace has a quite natural, unintentional look, a fortuitous quality felt immediately in the curiously contradictory agreement between fulsomely imagined curves and the straight, random cuts which describe them. The colours themselves are bright, but with a watery radiance, delicately absorbed and

released again by the white paper which surrounds them. Yet one could (as ordinary black-and-white illustrations show) more easily spare even the colours than the character of the edges that bound them, and the sense of real scissors and paper.

It is perhaps this cut edge, more than anything else, that evokes the impression of light. The light is held by it, *carved* by it, in a phrase of Georges Duthuit's which descends from Matisse himself, who used it with a more specific meaning. (The words, from a text which he provided for one of his first cut-paper collaborations with Tériade, are quoted by Alfred Barr in what is surely the best monograph on any modern artist.) 'To cut to the quick in colour,' Matisse wrote, 'reminds me of direct cutting in sculpture.' The association is a revealing one, and is strongly (if incongruously) conveyed by the sharp, unconcealed scissor cuts of this remarkable old man sitting up in bed. As in carving, this simple, decisive cutting reveals with each stroke not only the character of the material (drawing together, as in a relief, the planes of figure and ground into a material unity) but also something else, a subject – in this case not the repetitive philodendra and polypi, so much as the flooding southern light.

Such material poetry expands easily to fill vast spaces: the biggest of Matisse's *papiers collés* are never empty as the congested, liverish attempts to reconstitute them in this book in a hundredth the space are empty. Climbing the stair past a beautiful example, becoming aware of its several florid fields as we pass them, we know a peculiar advantage of art that is big, that it makes us feel the quality of material so intimately; we notice in fact that effect of scale which gives even to works as unarchitectural as the *papiers collés* a character for which there is no other name.

All this would be rendered better by the simplest of process-blocks than it is in the lavish plates of the Verve album. When the sense of material and surface, the visual unity which arises from them, the quality of the colour and its relation to scale are all lost, there is not much left of the complex *papiers collés* but a residue of crude brightness, lying dead upon the unyielding paper – and something of the elephantine banality which is a characteristic (in the originals a remarkable and compelling one) of Matisse's decorative inventions. This will, I suppose, certainly be the table book of the season. But some people will prefer to keep it closed, or open at one of the monochrome *Nus bleus*, or at the black-and-white plates of the late charcoal drawings – in which we see the master fortified by a lifetime of stern, unbending self-indulgence, steering with such magisterial pomp his way between vision and idea towards solutions which in any other hands would border sometimes on the ludicrous: what a hide the man must have had! Surely among the most valuable of his endowments.

No one will learn very much about Matisse from this book. Indeed it is not easy to gain much exact information of any kind from it. *Zulma,* now (page 15) . . . is this the work at Copenhagen? If so, surely altogether too much – all the irregularities and minor surprises which give the original its character – is left out for the plate to be regarded as a reproduction at all. If not, what is it? For information, one goes to Mr Barr (page 513); his seven-year-old book (which will never be replaced) is now available through an English publisher. Matisse had always the most luxurious good-fortune: now he has the best of monographs as his merited and luxurious memorial.

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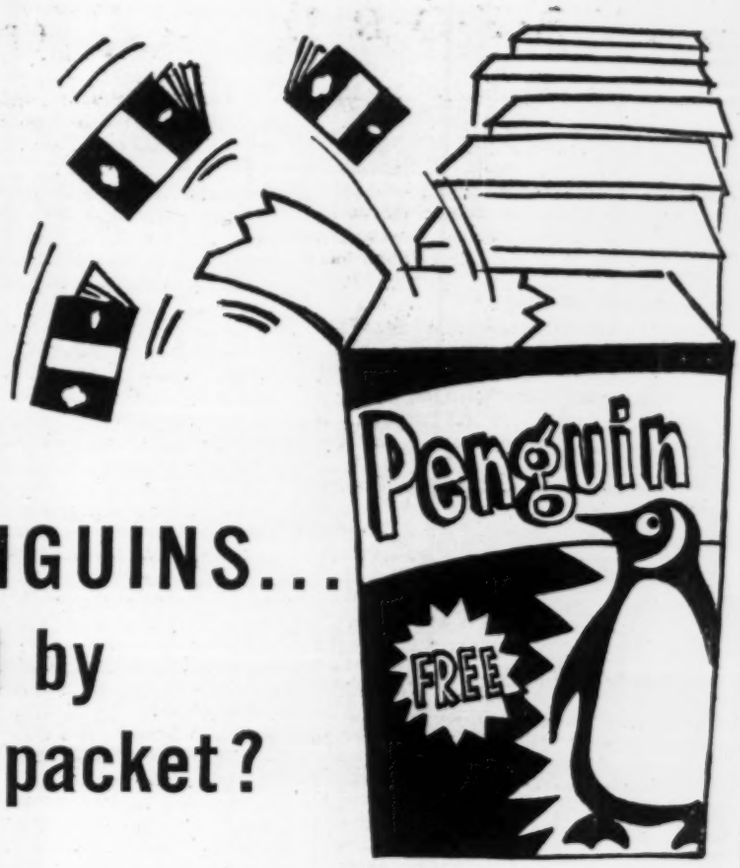

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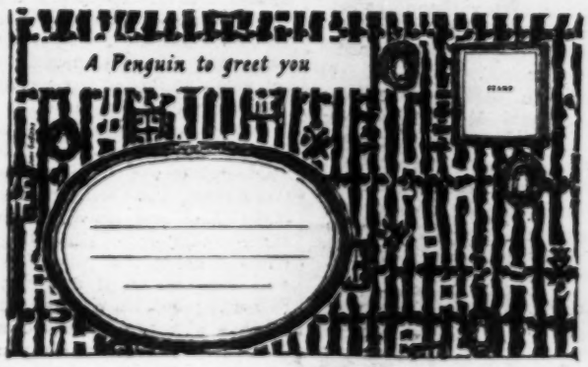

From Soane to Mies

Architecture: Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. By HENRY-RUSSELL HITCHCOCK. *Penguin Books.* 70*s.*

Rarely in the small world of architectural writing does a book appear which, deliberately and after calculated assessment, one wants to call a masterpiece. This book I do call a masterpiece because it comes after and out of thirty years of work—thirty years during which the author has given us massive studies of first one, then another episode in his chosen period; and because the whole is here treated with a consistency, a truth of perspective and a command of detail which, in combination, Hitchcock has never quite achieved before, but which only he, after those thirty years of preparation, was in a position to achieve at all.

Of problems of near-contemporary history it is commonly said that it is 'too early' to define the pattern of events with precision. This means that until the historian can pick up his subject at both ends without something coming undone he cannot evaluate whatever is going on in the middle. Now in architecture it was certainly too early, as little as twenty years ago, to write a complete history of the nineteenth century because we did not know what was happening to all the loose bits which had begun to stick out in the Nineties and were still of problematic significance in the nineteen-thirties. If we talked then of the Victory of the New Architecture (the title, as it happens, of a tract of 1927 by Walter Behrendt), it was in a didactic and propagandist, not a historical spirit. There was no guarantee that the immediate future was not going to consist of more and more loose ends and possibly of nothing else. There was no proof at hand that anybody had really arrived anywhere; we were still in the mood of *towards* an architecture.

Today the picture is fantastically otherwise. Not only has the New Architecture arrived, but it has flooded, oozed and trickled into every corner of the building world. In Italy, the United States and Latin America fresh springs of invention have opened to swell the old founts and daily the typical forms and formulas of the 'modern' penetrate more deeply into Asia, Africa and the Orient and even into the fringes of our own black towns. Spectacular novelties of building are no longer to be sought in Germany and Holland, but in Rio, Caracas, New Canaan (Conn.) and Chandigarh. The loose bits are accounted for. Some have perished. Others have become parcel of the vast, varied and (it now seems) relatively stable architecture of the mid-twentieth century.

So, to the historian of architecture, the nineteenth century is at last a 'closed' (and therefore comprehensible) epoch. At the near end of it is the story of the two generations of pioneer moderns. At the far end is a situation in some respects analogous—the conquest of western building by what Professor Hitchcock calls 'romantic classicism'. Here again there were two innovating generations: the first, in which Soane was the capital master, though not the most influential; the second, headed by Schinkel, with Klenze alongside, and an enormous style-mongering brood of followers. The analogy holds further. Today we see ideal sketches of masters of the early nineteen-twenties like Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier being realised, with serene technical accomplishment and not the slightest æsthetic embarrassment, in places far from their origin. Just so the romantic-classical monuments of Copenhagen, Petersburg and Athens were mostly conceived, years before, on the progressive drawing-tables of Paris.

The end and beginning of the story have not been without their expositors; they are by now fairly easy to grasp and to explain. But what of the middle years, that half-century of seeming chaos which popular historians and textbook writers have either shrugged off as 'eclectic' or strait-jacketed in 'revivalist' categories? Here the structure of Professor Hitchcock's book is original and bold and, in my view, wholly successful. Having concluded the front section of the book (1800-1850) with chapters on the Gothic Revival and Iron Construction, he opens section two (1850-1900) with an account of Second Empire Paris and its architectural equivalents in Italy, Austria, England and the New World. There are two long chapters here, weighed down with the names of forgotten masters and soggy with expensive rubbish—from which one may rescue what one will: the truly glorious Paris Opera, no doubt, or the megalomanic Palais de Justice at Brussels or, on nostalgic grounds if no other, the Langham Hotel. Whatever the quality of its best pieces this was an architecture which was not going to matter any more. England's High Victorian Gothic, on the other hand, was going to matter and, in an excellent chapter, Professor Hitchcock gives as a main asset the unique amateurishness of the English profession in Victorian times. Then follows a chapter called 'Norman Shaw and his Contemporaries'. It will surprise some to see Shaw's name thus in international lights. But how right this is! Shaw's own fabulous talent may not have amounted to genius; but he was the umbrella-figure for all sorts of things in English architecture—from Flemish-gabled Queen Anne to the ethical simplicities of W. R. Lethaby—which had unsuspected consequences abroad. And the elevation of Shaw is nicely balanced by giving most of the next chapter to his American contemporary, H. H. Richardson—another near-genius and, like Shaw, fruitful in his issue. Seen from our present vantage-point these are certainly the men; there is no Frenchman or German of that generation to compare with them.

Chapters on commercial and domestic building conclude the middle section and all is set for *Art Nouveau* and the march of progress (1900-1950). But Professor Hitchcock is too good a historian to let the pioneers rip as if nothing else mattered; and he interrupts himself to give us a valuable chapter on 'Twentieth-century "Traditional" Architecture', an almost incredibly recondite review of the only just forgotten, in which Sir Edwin Lutyens comes out very high and another English architect so low as actually to be the victim of a brief emotional outburst—the only one, I think, in the book.

I have said, and I repeat, that this book is a masterpiece, but let no one suppose on that account that it is easy to read. It is, on the contrary, grindingly difficult and without some preliminary knowledge of the period almost impossible. It is a specialist's text. The 192 brilliantly selected plates, on the other hand, will fascinate anyone with the slightest curiosity about architecture and I suspect that shuttle-play between plates and text will give much delight to those not to proud to use a book that way.

JOHN SUMMERSON

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Imaginary Illness

The Arts, Artists and Thinkers. Edited by JOHN M. TODD. *Longmans.* 35*s.*

A thirty-page essay called 'The Desolation of Aesthetics' is included in this book. The writer is Vincent Turner, a Jesuit priest and lecturer at Campion Hall. The rest of the book, made up of papers read at a Catholic symposium on the arts, is not of much interest: the usual little opinions offered and discussed under the waterfall of history, the usual picture of a little group huddled together under the rock face. This essay, however, is remarkably sharp and far-seeing. It is worth buying or borrowing this book just for these pages. No other English critic, so far as I know, has tackled a similar theme with such success.

Turner has seen through the complex of half-truths and legendary lies which today makes it possible for the arts to be all things to all men and to supply comprehensive confirmations—and consolations—even to those whose actual needs and interests are diametrically opposed. He quotes T. E. Hulme saying 'Art has come to be spilt religion', and then analyses the causes and consequences of this. Naturally Turner's motives are not ours. 'I see no reason whatever to believe in the idealist fairy story and every reason not to.' Every reason not to, because he wants to sell a Roman fairy story. But because in this paper he was addressing the converted, he takes this for granted and concentrates on demolition; brilliantly.

Turner believes that the best clue for understanding our present cultural disintegration, reflected in a perverse 'obsession with the freedom of creativity, the freedom of the personal vision, with subjectivity', can be found by examining the very nature of modern æsthetics as constructed by Croce and Collingwood. The basis of these æsthetics is idealist metaphysics. He doesn't suggest that either of these two men

has had much direct influence, but rather that their theories happen 'to give systematic if peculiar expression to a set of opinions and attitudes about the arts that have been current in Western Europe for some few decades'; they have given 'intellectual respectability to what many people think and feel anyway'.

The key but artificial question for modern æsthetics is: What is art? Yet since art includes Cologne Cathedral on one hand, the novels of Zola on the other, this question comes to mean: What is the pure essence of art irrespective of all the particulars of all works? And the answer is: 'Art is not craft and has nothing to do with technique . . . art is the primary self-expression of spirit, a pre-logical spontaneous expression of pure imagination, art is pure subjectivity and this is pure freedom'. On this Turner comments:

> To be blunt about it, what is art that there should be a pure essence of it, of whatever kind? There is no such thing as art. Art is nothing but a general word, of quite modern coinage, to designate the activities of epic poets and lyric poets, of writers of tragedy and comedy, some historians and philosophers and novelists, of painters . . . of sculptors . . . of architects . . . of musicians—but I will not continue the list. . . . And if a man says that surely there is some one nuclear essence shared by all forms of artistic activity that we can discover if only we look long and hard enough at all these activities, the candid answer is a brief one, namely, that the longer and harder we look the more diverse do these activities come to appear to be and that a purity of essence in which they are all seen as one and the self-same act is a dream and a delusion that turns into a nightmare.

And it turns into a nightmare because in the end the idealist attitude leads to the conclusion that art, instead of meaning a particular job well done, means 'what goes on in people's heads'.

From this in turn derive many of the worst illusions of contemporary Western culture: the idea that 'pure' art should neither represent nor comment; the idea that lyric art is 'purer' than epic art; the idea that art is outside the judgment of reason—hence the prejudice against much Renaissance art; the idea that communicability is incidental; the idea that the sketch is 'purer' than the finished work; the idea that the artist as a man offers us some way of salvation, which short-cuts all social and practical considerations; above all, perhaps, the idea that true art is placeless and timeless.

In a review of this length I can only describe the scope of Turner's arguments. Their quality can only be appreciated by reading the essay itself. What he has done is to open out and explain the odd sensations that any disinterested man now has when he listens to those who talk 'expertly' about Art—and particularly the visual arts. On such occasions he will eventually realise that he is sitting listening to people talking as the old ladies of Bournemouth talk about their imaginary illnesses. The vocabulary is different. The honours are different. The age-group and the declared politics may be different. But what is the same is the fact that everyone is talking about himself, and largely about his own quite imaginary experiences. Naturally there is no debating. There is waiting to talk and talking. Yet at the same time there is a kind of group spirit—despite the jealousies and resentments: the imaginary illness of another makes one's own imaginary illness more credible. They sit or walk around pontificating on the world as though on the state of their own liver—which is in fact what they are doing. Nothing can be learnt there or taught there because no one has anything in common except self-pity and self-adulation. Lessons are learnt and progress made in very

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different places – where, for example, children are born and begin to learn slowly, painfully and rewardingly to distinguish between fact and fantasy.

JOHN BERGER

The Greatest Self-Portrait

The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh. *Thames & Hudson.* 3 vols. 15 *gns.*

These three volumes contain all the existing letters of Vincent Van Gogh, and facsimile reproductions of most of the drawings with which his letters were illustrated. Besides the three groups of letters which have been published before (those to his brother, to the painter Van Rappard and to Emile Bernard) there are twenty-three letters to his sister Wilhelmina which have not been available until now, several letters to his mother and other relatives and friends and the few remaining letters from Theo to him. The whole is introduced by the memoir by his sister-in-law Mrs Joanna Van Gogh Bonger which appeared in her original publication of the letters in 1914.

Nothing that one can say about the quality of these letters is enough. They are the most important documents connected with modern art in existence. To read them through is not only to witness the events of most of his adult life; it is also to follow repeated expeditions into the interior, to the place where he teaches himself to draw and paint, where he outlines as far as he can his intentions and aspirations, where he questions every aspect of his life; and involuntarily one shares the suffering, effort and relief that go with the formulation of his ideas. To the painter or to anyone who wants to understand the framework of Post-Impressionism the most exciting passages are those in which he records his actual practice as a painter. Some of these have been quoted in isolation so often that their meaning has become slightly distorted and it is valuable to be able to place them in their proper context.

There is one set of problems in particular that seems to stand out in a new light. As problems they are no less urgent now than they were in the Eighties, and the fact that Van Gogh was acutely aware of them is one of the reasons why these letters seem so immediately of our time. It becomes clear that he was never unquestioningly committed to being a painter. That is to say he never stopped asking himself what artists were for and what he was doing in being one. On this point, and in many others in his life (and this accounts for the explosive, spectacular character of his development) personal necessity coincided in a striking way with what was going on in the world outside. That he should question his own standing as an artist was clearly to do with his desire to serve, to minister to others; also with his Protestant conscience, guilt at 'idleness' and poverty, and the knowledge that his brother was paying for him. But it was no less owing to a knowledge that the modern painter was outside normal society. The Impressionists were the first generation of painters to find themselves in this position but they could not know in advance that this would be so. By the Eighties painters knew that in choosing to be painters they were choosing a sort of exile. Inevitably they questioned art itself: one can hardly imagine one of the old Impressionists bothering to take the mickey out of alien styles as Gauguin did with his 'Ripipoint' still-life or Lautrec with his joke Puvis de Chavannes.

> Sometimes art seems to be something very sublime and as you say very sacred . . . the crux of the question is that not everybody thinks about it in this way and that those who feel something of it and let themselves be carried away by it have to suffer so much – in the first place on account of not being understood, and quite as much because so often our inspiration is inadequate. . . . There are times when it is far from clear to us that art should be something holy or good. (Van Gogh to his sister, summer, 1888.)

Avant gardisme, which is a sort of acceptance of the precariousness of art in modern life, was born during the Eighties. Van Gogh who was more aware of this precariousness than any of his contemporaries was not able to accept the *avant garde* solution. Simply to advance alone was not enough: his whole enterprise *had* to be justified as an enterprise shared with others; a commercial enterprise in which Theo was playing a major role with weekly investments, as a social enterprise in which the pictures were considered (sometimes before, sometimes after the event, with a view to their relevance to modern life, as vehicles of simple ideas, as decorations, above all as sources of 'consolation' to those who would look at them.

The problem at its simplest was to reconcile all this with the knowledge that his own need to paint was something that he could never communicate and that the further his painting developed the less likely it was to be understood in the sense in which he intended it: he was well aware that the act of painting was at times a means of keeping his own feet on the ground, a 'lightning conductor', an 'antidote to neurosis'; and it looks like an unhappy attempt to outflank this when he suggests in his letter to his sister that perhaps a painter might work as an entertainer, performing like a violinist so that 'a whole company enjoys itself throughout the evening'.

The letters written from Holland are thick with discussion of the traditional technical problems, perspective, anatomy, tonality, and with the discovery of Delacroix's ideas about colour, the theory of complementaries and of expressive colour. When he arrived in Paris he found a whole generation of painters rediscovering these problems and experimenting as he had been, only for different reasons. In spite of himself, he found himself in the vanguard of research. His absolute need to make up for lost time, to evolve a quick way of working, a direct and vivid means of expression, forced him, ironically enough, to what he knew were esoteric extremes. And a part of the great debate was concerned with reconciling what he knew to be esoteric with what he wanted to be plain. No wonder that we find him questioning his very character as an artist; not merely in asking himself whether to go on or not (at one bad moment he thought of the Foreign Legion, at another of a return to art-dealing) but in defining the contradictions, the polarities in his nature as an artist. More than once he reminds Theo of a painting by Wauters called *The Madness of Hugo van der Goes* and declares that he is both the mad painter in it and the monk who comforts him. He repeatedly contrasts the life of a 'Painting machine' with 'real' life and finds the contrast a horrible one. At times he pours scorn on pictures for their unreality. But this blows back: 'Why am I so little an artist that I always regret that the statue and the picture are not alive? Why do I understand the musician better? Why do I understand the *raison d'être* of his abstractions better?' (To Theo, spring 1888.)

During the winter in S. Remy the polarities in his art crystallise with painful clarity. It seemed to be a dereliction to push abstraction beyond a certain point. The synthesist compositions of Gauguin and Bernard (of which he was sent photographs) were furiously rejected: 'The Christ carrying His cross is appalling . . . . I won't for-

give you the *spuriousness* – yes, certainly spuriousness in the composition' and later '[abstraction] is enchanted ground, old man, and one soon finds oneself up against a stone wall'. At the same time he was well aware of the abstract potentiality of his own work. When Albert Aurier wrote an article praising his revolutionary colour Van Gogh was embarrassed and commented:

> Aurier's article would encourage me, if I dared . . . to venture even further, dropping reality and making a kind of music of tones with colour. . . . But it is so dear to me this truth, *trying to make it true*, after all I think, I think that I want still rather to be a shoemaker than a musician in colours.

'If I dared.' Was it not also a dereliction to turn his back on the music of colours? He could not decide; what he did know was that something might be possible 'after a virile lifetime of research, of a hand-to-hand struggle with nature' and that this was the last thing that he could look forward to.

ANDREW FORGE

Biennale Imaginaire

Art Since 1945. By MARCEL BRION, G. C. ARGAN, W. GROHMANN, HERBERT READ, SAM HUNTER and others. *Thames & Hudson.* 4 *gns.*

French Painting. Twentieth Century Painters. By BERNARD DORIVAL. *Zwemmer.* 2 vols. 3 *gns.* each.

Poliakoff. By MICHEL RAGON. **Fautrier.** By MICHEL RAGON. **The Young School of Paris.** By HUBERT JUIN. (The Pocket Museum.) *Zwemmer.* 16*s.* each.

Someone has finally had a go at producing a bumper book of post-war art. It takes the form of a *Biennale Imaginaire*, so to speak, in that it is divided into national sections, independently compiled and presented. It contains 60 hand-tipped colour plates, 120 black-and-white reproductions, and about eighty or ninety thousand words of text. It is called *Art Since 1945*, but sensibly tends to overlook the work done since 1945 by the grand old men.

As a piece of book-production, *Art Since 1945* has the usual qualities and defects of the contemporary luxury art book produced in France or Germany (where this one comes from) in editions in several languages. Thus precisely the same mixture of sumptuousness and carelessness can be found in the English editions of Dorival's history of modern French painting and of the various monographs and anthologies which make up 'The Pocket Museum'. (Subjects of further volumes in this series, not yet published in Great Britain but, of course, available here in French, include de Staël, Bissière, Soulages, Vieira da Silva, and Pignon.) The sumptuousness relates to appearance: the reproductions are mostly of excellent quality, and the lay-out has conviction and style. The carelessness relates to the letterpress, and takes several forms. Misprints are common, especially misprints of dates. Captions to illustrations are frequently at variance with the text as to how names are spelt. Bibliographies are unsystematic and ill-informed. Biographical summaries have a way of omitting crucial facts while amassing trivial ones. Indexes are unreliable. Translations tend to be casual: even when not committing out-and-out howlers like 'nineteenth century' for Novecento, they are full of little giveaways which suggest that they have been done by people who don't know the subject and are unaccustomed to the jargon.

In the case of *Art Since 1945*, editorial carelessness goes much deeper than these matters of

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details. It is a curious work on art since 1945 that contains no reference to such names as Wotruba, Richier, and Lassaw. The fact is that the publishers seem unaware that 'art' is generally understood to mean sculpture as well as painting. Actually, sculpture is not consistently excluded: there are several reproductions of British sculpture, and Italian sculpture is discussed at some length, though not illustrated. But if a book is called *Art Since 1945*, the reader is entitled to expect all the national sections to deal with sculpture as well as painting. Nor does the ground for complaint rest merely in the fact that the book is not what it claims to be. There would still have been reason to complain if the book had been called *Painting Since 1945* – namely, that it is impossible to survey present-day painting in isolation from sculpture. One of the major phenomena of recent art has been the tendency of painting and sculpture to converge. The number of painters who now practise sculpture and of sculptors who now practise painting is probably unequalled in any period of history. What is more, a good deal of modern painting – that of Dubuffet, for example, and of Tapiès – approximates to sculpture in relief, and, conversely, there are many modern sculptors – Giacometti, Lassaw, Paolozzi, Leoncillo, among others – who in one way or another have absorbed into sculpture certain qualities which are normally proper to painting.

Even as a survey of painting alone since 1945, this volume is profoundly inadequate, thanks to its modish bias towards abstraction. It is certainly true that the most potent tendencies in post-war painting have been more or less abstract. But a fair proportion of the outstanding individuals of the post-war period have been figurative painters. I wouldn't have thought that among European painters born since 1900 there was any abstractionist whose stature equalled that of Giacometti, Gruber or Dubuffet. But in *Art Since 1945*, Giacometti and Dubuffet only rate a black-and-white reproduction, and Gruber no reproduction at all. And figurative painters of the calibre of Gromaire, Balthus and Hélion don't get so much as a mention. This could make sense: it would make sense if the book as a whole were as rigorously committed to abstraction as the Ecole de Paris section is. In fact, some of the other national sections include some pretty inferior figurative painting (yet find no room for Nolan and Bratby), with the result, strongly reinforced by the absence of any illustrations of sculpture by Giacometti, Richier, Wotruba, Fabbri or Marini, that the book gives an entirely misleading impression of the current balance of power between abstraction and figuration.

It is clear that the inadequacies of this book are mainly the direct result of making each of the national sections autonomous. The publishers say that they 'have preferred to run the risk of incongruity among the various chapters rather than to enforce an arbitrary conformity' – as if such an arbitrary conformity were the only alternative to utter confusion. Given responsible editorial guidance, *Art Since 1945* might have been a useful compilation. But, again, perhaps not. For its lack of balance is closely linked to the fact that the Italian, British and German sections are almost as large as the Parisian and the American: the claims of the rival nations are all too fairly balanced to reflect the actual situation in the world of art. Yet it is difficult to imagine that equality might give way to truth when the success of a book depends on its getting a wide international circulation, and so long as the art public persist in looking at art and artists with the patriotic fervour of spectators at the Olympic games.

In spite of everything, the book does manage to bring out the central fact about art since 1945 – that in the field of abstract painting America has come to have a virtual monopoly of vitality and seriousness, that the Americans seem deeply involved in what they are doing whereas the Europeans seem to be playing at making pictures, whether by exercising their impeccable taste and clever touch (Manessier, Bazaine, etc.) or by doodling till a happy accident turns up (the Tachistes). A year ago in these columns, comparing British abstract art with American, I suggested that ours was lacking in pictorial density and relied too much on facile poetic evocation. This book has made me see that these criticisms are just as valid for current Continental abstract painting. Indeed, the British section is livelier than any but the American and the Parisian.

Maybe painters get the spokesmen they deserve. Certainly, Sam Hunter's essay on the Americans is by far the most searching and pertinent in the book. The oddest is Herbert Read's, a weird mixture of insight – he is especially penetrating about Bacon – loose generalisation, and preoccupation with worldly success; it contains, by the way, at least eleven errors of fact. The most depressing piece is Brion's on the Ecole de Paris – depressing because of its apparently wilful blindness to the appalling crisis of art today, and especially of French art, not by comparison with other European art, of course, but by comparison with what French art has been. This lack of historical perspective, this inability to see how small our art is, likewise infects the essays by Ragon and Juin, for all that they acknowledge the existence of the crisis. It is a relief to turn from them to Dorival, in spite of his prissy taste and mannered prose: he does see the present soberly, with some sense of proportion.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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Philip Noel-Baker, M.P.

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"This is a book which no one but he could have written, for there is probably no one now living who has followed so long, so closely, and so understandingly the history of the necessity and the failure to disarm":—

Leonard Woolf, *Political Quarterly*

". . . . and the Labour Party should name Mr. Noel-Baker's volume a set-book. . . . ":—

Hugh Thomas, *The New Statesman*

ATLANTIC BOOKS

3, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

Quatre Très Riches

The New Testament. *Collins.* 84*s.*

A History of Book Illustration. By DAVID BLAND. *Faber.* 84*s.*

Modern Book Design. By RUARI MCLEAN. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Pioneers in Printing. By SEAN JENNETT. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

This elegant, illustrated reprint of the New Testament is a cosmopolitan example of biblical book production. One wonders what that scrofulous Scots King James VI and I, who sponsored, and the mixed group of High Anglicans and Puritans who translated, the Authorised Version would have thought of an edition paragraphed by an Oxford theologian, designed by a German, text printed in Italy, colour illustrations in France, cloth bound in Holland and published by a Glaswegian. The text, from the *Stamperia Valdonega* (the designer Hans Mardersteig's commercial press in Verona where his famous private press the *Officina Bodoni* is also located) is typographically impeccable. But the sumptuous colour gravure plates from Draeger Frères will doubtless confound present-day Presbyterians. Nothing could be more disturbing to an aseptic text than these rich illustrations from the Duc de Berry's Très Riches Heures. Medieval illuminations cut away from their borders in a variety of shapes and tipped in loosely on blank leaves of text paper prevent any integration of the Protestant text and the Catholic illustration. It is sad that the enterprising initiative of the publisher, the imaginative conception of the designer and the superb international expertise in production should disappoint in the final result.

The problem in modern book production of assimilating photo-mechanical colour reproductions with typographical texts appears to be intractable. The colour frontispiece (also from a fifteenth-century French book of Hours) to David Bland's *History of Book Illustration* is likewise cut-out and tipped-on to text paper. But Mr Bland's invaluable collection of 20 colour plates, unlike Mr Mardersteig's, are not isolated on blank leaves; with their captions printed below and text printed on the verso they are more skilfully integrated with his text. It is interesting, nevertheless, to note the coincident interest in fifteenth-century illumination for two of Europe's most experienced and expert book designers. David Bland's text is more than a mere history; it is, in its way, also a testament of devotion, articulate, detailed, comprehensive, to his own way of life as production director of one of England's leading publishers. Mr Bland's 400 closely packed pages of text, with 400 widely garnered and fully annotated illustrations, is an impressive, painstaking, lucid performance. He has contributed a definitive and timely text to the literature of the graphic arts; as authoritative and perceptive as D. B. Updike's *Printing Types* in 1922.

While Updike never attempted any summation of the palaeographic pre-history of his sister art Mr Bland has documented the foreground of illumination and illustration in the manuscript, both roll and codex, from the Late Antique, Oriental, Byzantine and Islamic to the Medieval West before the invention of printing: a task seldom attempted, or so successfully achieved for the benefit of students of printed illustration. The name of Bland will, I am sure, trip as easily as Updike's from the tongues of all future students of the humanistic art of book production.

Ruari McLean's lively and entertaining *Modern Book Design* underlines the post-1945 emergence

of a new generation of typographical practitioners, who are more gynæcologists than physicians. From the mid-Twenties over into the early Thirties, in the adventurous days of the *fleuron* front of Morison, Meynell, Simon, and Jackson, printing design and production were indivisible. The absolute authority of this first principle was never questioned; it was an unwritten law of tactics in the battle for typographical reform. Not so nowadays; the battle has been won and the occupation forces are free to delegate design functions, organise productive capacity and play the part, as it were, of consulting engineers or technicians to the chaps who build the diesels. The book designer need no longer be a producer, he need no longer be attached to a publisher, printer, binder, type-setting corporation or university press; nor need he keep one foot in an advertising agency or find it necessary to write thrillers in his spare time. He can in fact be a Ruari McLean.

But Mr McLean has another claim on us because he is an expert typographical historiographer. He traces clearly the dominant mechanical elements in changing methods of book production since William Morris, while drawing in firm outline the personalities of the authors, amateurs, bibliographers, booksellers, engravers, illustrators, lithographers, poets, printers, publishers, type designers and founders – all the characters in order of appearance who perform for the gentle reader, whether paper-backed or cloth-spined.

Sean Jennett's *Pioneers in Printing* covers familiar ground in printing history from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. His methods, however, are unusual, for like American film producers he dramatises his pioneers; he must have his stars. Unfortunately the frontiers his pioneers explore are not as exciting as the Wild West; the printing duel betweeen Linotype and Monotype was never fought to the death. Mr Jennett seems happier with sturdy English printer-founders (Caxton, Caslon and Baskerville) than with the nineteenth-century inventor-engineers (Koenig, Mergenthaler and Lanston). Nevertheless, his firm grasp of printing technics and evocative accounts of his pioneers of lithographic stone, type metal and steam printing presses is a valuable memento of an age which is rapidly disappearing under the flood of electrical and electronic devices.

JAMES SHAND

Blood and Gold

The Book of Urizen. *Collins: Trianon Press, for the William Blake Trust.* 27 *gns.*

Despite the date printed by Blake on his title-page, 1794, the copy of *Urizen* from which this excellent fascimile is made belongs to 1815 or later, as the water-mark evinces. Although comparison with the original is not possible (it is now in the Rosenwald collection in the Library of Congress) I have no doubt that the Trustees of the William Blake Trust have given us once again a facsimile of an 'illuminated' book of Blake's as authentic as is humanly possible. Once again, too, one must regret the prohibitive price of a masterpiece which should be widely available, but the elaborateness and consequent expense of the reproductive process – 'Two collotype printings, in orange and black, were used as a foundation on which the completed plates were built up by the addition by hand of successive colours through stencils' – are a sufficient explanation.

When, in 1949, I included three of the *Urizen* designs among the ten plates in my *English Blake*, it was with a strong sense of their extraordinary dramatic quality, and a fervent wish that my plates could have reproduced the original colours. Colour-printing, however, would have been impossible in reproductions from the British Museum copy which was my original. As Dr Keynes explains in his Bibliographical Note to the Trianon fascimile, the six earlier (c. 1794) copies 'were executed chiefly by a method of colour-printing with opaque pigments' invented by Blake, a method which defies reproduction. It is only in the seventh and last copy that Blake uses water-colour; and it is from this copy that the present fascimile is taken. From our point of view it is indeed fortunate that Blake should have chosen to illustrate one copy in a reproducible medium, thus making it possible for a wider public than has access to the great libraries to catch a glimpse of his greatness.

I have used the world 'illustrated', but 'illustration' is a poor word for what Blake aimed at and achieved in these works. To open any of the Blake Trust facsimiles is to be brought sharply up against the acute problem of adequacy of presentation and response in all our Blake scholarship; to realise how much is lost when words and designs are rent asunder, and indeed how often the words are an illustration of the design. Blake's thought in the Symbolic Books is essentially *plastic* and nowhere more so than in *Urizen*, the proto-narrative whose very theme is the unshaping of eternity and the shaping of the created universe of time, space and matter. Indeed, we could follow the sequence of his thought in *Urizen* through the designs alone, each of which unfolds a new aspect of energy, affords a fresh glimpse of the eternal delight which is cramped and mutilated, but not destroyed, under the forms imposed by a restrictive vision.

Who are the men behind the

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN?

The man on the left is a very famous person indeed. Far too famous, unfortunately, to have his name bandied about in advertisements. An eagle-eyed expert could, however, recognise him by the pattern of his tie or the colour of his socks. It seems a pity that his tie is hidden and his socks are printed in black and white.

The man in the centre, as our illustration clearly shows, is standing on his head. Perhaps he is registering disapproval of the *Manchester Guardian*. Perhaps he is a homesick Australian. Perhaps he is standing on his head for health reasons. Whatever his motive, it is quite pleasant to have him there, a living symbol of the *Manchester Guardian's* tolerance, respect for minority opinion, and twenty or thirty other shining virtues.

The man on the right, however, is standing firmly on his feet. He is doing this because he is forthright, outright, upright, and downright, and also because it brings his head into line with the *Manchester Guardian*, which he is reading. The *Manchester Guardian* (as he can see clearly from where he is standing) is also forth-, out-, up-, and downright. It's rather entertaining, too, and he reads it regularly, a pleasure which costs him threepence a day. *Threepence!* They'll be giving away steam-yachts next.

Apart from the figure which heads page 3, and the very 'heraldic' lion and dog of pages 22 and 26, we find better drawing in *Urizen* than Blake is usually credited with, but the main attraction of these designs lies, as I have suggested, in their extraordinary movement and their chromatic range:

> The Sun arises in the East,
> Cloth'd in robes of blood and gold

and his rays, in *Urizen*, seem splintered through some celestial prism to produce a spectrum 'that pale Earth-dwellers never know'. The twenty-seven pages glow with harmonies which range from the glaucous greens and purples of 'Urizen repelling the Waves' to the extravagant bravura of the child Orc in his corolla of flames. Here and there, especially in the opening designs, we find touches of gold which add an almost Byzantine splendour – and indeed a 'mosaic' effect is notable in many of the full-page plates. The gold disappears in the later designs; I would like to interpret this as symbolical of the growing materialisation of the universe which is the theme of the poem (gold is Blake's favourite eternity-symbol) but I am afraid a more likely explanation is that Blake's supply was becoming exhausted. But the fountain of his invention remains inexhaustible to the last.

BERNARD BLACKSTONE

Among recent books on ceramics are a general survey, Max Wykes-Joyce's 7,000 *Years of Pottery and Porcelain* (Peter Owen, 42s.), which attempts a social history of the craft and also includes a note on 'Collecting for Oneself'; and two specialised studies, Thomas Balston's *Staffordshire Portrait Figures of the Victorian Age* (Faber, 63s.) and George Savage's account of *Eighteenth-Century German Porcelain* (Rockliff, 63s.).

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE RESISTANT TO ADVERTISING

If you never drink a pint—because it's advertised: if you never smoke tobacco—because it's advertised: if you never read a book, or go to a theatre because they're advertised—then don't read any further; this is not for you. Because this is an advertisement to remind you that Drambuie is a Scottish liqueur made of age-old Scotch whisky, heather honey, and delicate herbs

The Work Itself

Italian Renaissance Sculpture. By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. *Phaidon Press.* 90s.

Mr Pope-Hennessy writes pure, orthodox art-history. This is becoming unfashionable. Style analysis, formal standards, fine art itself – these concepts, on which pure art-history depends, are being quietly but firmly discarded, either on the grounds that they are logically meaningless or because as critical tools they no longer seem to be very efficient. Symbols, not styles, are the coming thing now; not form, but content. And by this I refer not merely to the death of the Roger Fry type of criticism and the birth of iconology, both of which happened some time ago, but to the development of the more fundamental idea that a work of art *qua* work of art is unanalysable and that its significance lies not in its visual qualities, nor in the emotions and feelings which those qualities embody and communicate to the observer, but in the forces, individual and corporate, which brought about its creation. The personality of the artist, the age in which he lived, the ideas of his time, his social situation: these are the new subjects of study. The artist's intentions, not his achievement; the methods by which he obtained his effects, not the effects themselves: these are the terms in which post-war aesthetics require us to discuss his work.

Nevertheless, whatever the theoretical limitations of its approach, the fact is that *Italian Renaissance Sculpture* is a marvellous book. Highly intelligent, lucid, erudite and deft, the author wings his way with unerring accuracy across a field – the Quattrocento – which is beyond doubt richer in illustrious names than any other in the history of European sculpture. Brunelleschi, Donatello, Luca della Robbia, Bernardo and Antonio Rossellino, Desiderio, Verrocchio, Pollaiuolo, Bertoldo and Riccio in Florence; Andrea Bregno in Rome; Agostino di Duccio in Rimini; Niccolo dell'Arca in Bologna; Pietro and Tullio Lombardo in Venice. It is a formidable list. But it is Mr Pope-Hennessy's merit that he not only gives us an admirable historical introduction to the works of these artists but in so doing makes clear that their creative achievement was even greater than we had thought. As the narrative proceeds and the facts are unfolded – the problems explained, the influences traced, the changes of stylistic direction recorded – we become aware that it is not just about these things that we have been reading; we have gained a new understanding of the works of art themselves. This is no *musée imaginaire*, certainly; it is firmly based on a sense of history; but unlike some even of the most distinguished studies in iconology that are being produced today, this book never gives the impression of patronising the values of the age it is dealing with, it is still in a real sense in the Renaissance tradition. Of Donatello's very late pulpit reliefs in San Lorenzo Mr Pope-Hennessy writes: 'These reliefs introduce us to a world of feeling which no other artist penetrated in the fifteenth century, and to which few have been admitted since' – and he shows by his analysis precisely what that statement means.

Here, then, is my first reason for wholeheartedly accepting Mr Pope-Hennessy's approach: it is justified by results. My second reason is the artistic self-consciousness of the Renaissance itself, its delight in purely visual qualities (though not, of course, in isolation from other qualities) and its wonder at the near-miracle of artistic creation. If naturalism was what the Renaissance admired most in works of art, 'beauty' or some other close equivalent – it is a quality which is never exactly defined and many other approximately synonymous terms were in use – was scarcely less important. To continue to *believe* in the same standards may no longer be possible or necessary. But if you are wholly out of sympathy with them I don't see how you can fail to diminish the stature of Renaissance art.

It is rare now to find a book on art-history which is at once so intellectual and so clearly dedicated to the task of explaining why its subject-matter is worth looking at. We should be grateful that it has been written while such an undertaking is still possible. The way things are going, it won't be possible much longer.

MICHAEL KITSON

Round-Up

Galleries

The real value of art-publishing (as we are told) is to admit us to ideal, imaginary museums. Unluckily the buyers of art-books appear to prefer books about collections which are by no means either ideal or imaginary. They seem to prefer the real, imperfect article with all its inconveniences and lacunæ. It is regrettable, and if there must be so many books about galleries, it is even more regrettable that so few of them are as good as *The Tate Gallery* (by its Director, Sir John Rothenstein; Thames & Hudson, 6gns.). The Tate is imperfect enough: it is notoriously short of money, for a start. Yet seeing it suddenly in the mirror of a book, one is taken almost by surprise: what an impressive collection it is, after all! And with a special character which, when all is said and done, is due to the disparate natures of the two provinces that are housed, illogically and almost by accident, under its roof. There is a link; they represent the dual context in which a young artist works – on the one hand, the national tradition and on the other the contemporary international scene – and they represent it, if never perfectly, yet well enough now to make one wonder whether the Tate is not one of the unreasonable and accidental national inventions that come to be greatly envied. (Luckily the heart of the building, the room of younger British artists, turns out when one gets to it to be worthy of the situation, as good for its purpose and certainly as beautifully hung as any room anywhere.) On consideration, one understands well why people come to love a gallery enough to buy so fat a book on it, instead of on some better, imaginary, museum. Those who buy this one no doubt register as Friends, and write to MPs: it would be strange and silly if such a function, and the subject of such a volume, were to fail out of poverty. Another reflection arises from this good and illuminating book. Anyone who whisks a picture, whose relevance is still a direct creative relevance, out of the Tate and off to the brocaded pantheon impoverishes us all.

The plates of Tate pictures and (excellently photographed) sculpture are in general remarkable: the great Cézanne is really well reproduced for about the first time, though the Renoir which has been well done a dozen times goes oddly wrong. Twenty-one inches of Stanley Spencer in the middle of things may be excessive (and the note on him is puzzling). But there is no better book of the kind than this.

The Louvre: Masterpieces of Italian Painting (Rainbird, 7 gns.) is, by contrast, a mixed bag of

plates, in the various manners of Mr Belli, of uneven quality, indifferently chosen. None of that incomparable sense of Italian painting and the French view of it, which the Grande Galérie yields, gets into these pages; and the starched text by M. Bazin will help no one to enthusiasm. One of his notes directs attention to figures in Veronese's *Marriage at Cana* that are in fact outside the (unconfessed) detail which does duty for the picture. Last Christmas, too, there was a Louvre book, with M. Bazin pointing out other figures in still another detail from the Veronese: then, also, the figures were to seek. Readers will surely lose patience with someone sometime – perhaps with Veronese.

The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge: an Illustrated Survey. (Collins: Trianon Press, 9gns.) comes as if out of the past. It is a celebration volume of the old kind, in which a quantity of expensive paper, most of it blank, bearing velvety collotypes and anodyne notes, was immolated in honour of the beloved collection. The colour illustrations are here by a hand stencil process: what this does with Domenico Veneziano must be seen to be believed. Nothing quite like this plate has appeared since before the days of the Arundel Society. The book is a gift of one of the museum's great benefactors: it must have wished that he had given almost anything else.

P. V. C.

Oriental Art

In his new book *Chinese Painting* (Zwemmer, 63s.) Peter Swann attempts what most experts think impossible – to cover over two thousand years in the history of painting, for the intelligent but interested reader, in the narrow compass of 147 pages. By the simple approach and the clarity of writing, he succeeds in producing a readable and fair picture within these limitations, with well-chosen coloured illustrations. His *Introduction to the Arts of Japan* (Cassirer, 45s.) is one of the most stimulating books of its kind, in the oriental field, that has appeared for many years. He has achieved the right degree of simplification without upsetting the balance of the whole picture. One can often disagree with his judgments and at the same time be thankful for such admirable presentation. The same things cannot be said of Mario Prodan's *Chinese Art* (Hutchinson, 30s.), which abounds in rash generalisations and innumerable inaccuracies, that falsify both the historical and the aesthetic development. A more specialised approach to Chinese art is represented by G. St. G. M. Gompertz's *Chinese Celadon Wares* (Faber, 50s.), in which the author's bias is in favour of the Japanese view of the subject. Basically a re-appraisal, all the conflicting arguments of the last half-century are presented, with quotations from the works of Japanese authorities, whose knowledge is unrivalled in this field. Some problems are glossed over and others evaded, but the limitations Gompertz imposes on himself are partly responsible for this. The range of illustration is good and the book is a useful addition to the literature of a popular subject. To complete the Far Eastern group of art books is the collector's item *Masterpieces of the Japanese Colour Woodcut* (Elek, 8gns.) which is illustrated with examples from the collection of Willy Boller, who is also responsible for the text. This is really a picture-book in which many less well-known prints are given good reproduction, with short biographies of the artists and comments on their works. It is a pity that insufficient justice is done in the introduction to the skill of the engravers and the acumen of the publishers, without whose co-operation and enthusiasm we might know a great deal less than we do of Japanese art.

W. G. Archer's most recent essay in the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art (15s. each), *Central Asian Painting*, elucidates the complex state of painting in this region from the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries. The colour-plates are well up to standard and include a number of delightful examples of illustrations of the musical modes. Douglas Barrett in *Painting in the Deccan*, in the same series, discusses a similar complex of styles, in which the Persian influence is stronger. *Persian Painting of the Fifteenth Century*, another Faber Gallery book, has given R. H. Pinder Wilson the chance to illustrate some of the less familiar examples of the brilliant period when Timurid patronage was at its height. His carefully chosen plates make the stylistic development particularly clear.

M. M.

Modern Sculpture

Zwemmer's are publishing the English edition of a series of paper-back pocket-size monographs on modern sculptors, produced in Holland under the editorship of Professor A. M. Hammacher. The artists include Zadkine, Despiau, Marini, Lipchitz, Hepworth, Moore, Gonzalez, Laurens and Lehmbruck. Each volume contains 32 plates and costs 10s. 6d., but even at this price they cannot be recommended. Their general appearance is curiously drab. The photographs used are very uneven in quality, but this scarcely matters, as the poor quality of reproduction deprives them all of luminosity and tonal subtlety. The texts are sensible but conventional, and are neither original enough to interest the specialist nor lively enough to be successful essays in popularisation. The bibliographies are not entirely reliable.

A. D. B. S.

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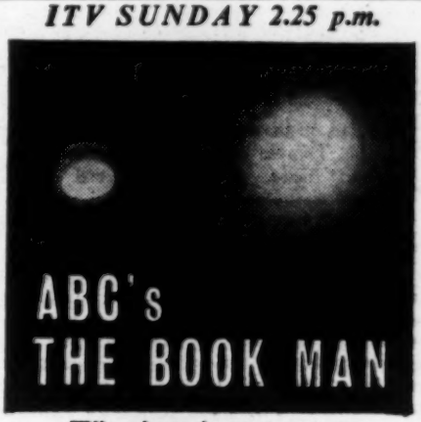

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Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.

LARGER EARNINGS

The 33rd ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank D.C.O., will be held on 2 January in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, Mr J. S. Crossley, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to 30 September, 1958:

If the dominant characteristic of the year ending last September had to be summed up in one word the word would inevitably be 'uncertainty'. Troughs of low pressure spreading from the West, or the fear of them, are inclined to spread alarm and despondency in business as in meteorological circles. These fears have persisted throughout the whole period covered by our accounts. Although the portents now seem less alarming it is nevertheless true that 'the further outlook remains unsettled'.

It is barely a year ago since sterling appeared to be facing its most serious crisis since 1949. In September 1957 drastic action was taken to protect the pound from what appeared to be a danger of imminent devaluation. There are probably few people today who could now say in all honesty that they confidently expected that the measures then taken would yield results which would become so quickly apparent and so striking in effect. The sterling reserves have increased month by month throughout the whole succeeding period, and the improvement has been so marked as to permit of five successive reductions in the bank rate. Those who were sceptical about the effectiveness of monetary measures and insisted that only a return to the full paraphernalia over import controls and other restrictions offered a solution for these troubles, will do well to ponder this result. While neither restriction of credit nor physical controls can, together or singly, ensure a stable economy, it remains true that monetary policy is a potent weapon in the hands of a government prepared to face unpopular measures.

INCREASE IN LENDING

There would have been a fall in our deposits had it not been for some substantial items of a special character which remained with us over the balance-sheet date. There has been a reduction in the item acceptances, credits, etc., reflecting the lower level of commodity prices and some falling off in trade with a number of our territories. The principal feature of the balance-sheet has been a further considerable increase in our lendings, due to the greater demand induced by the conditions to which I have referred. The depletion of liquid resources in overseas territories created additional pressure from the Bank's customers to meet their normal requirements. This factor, as you may have expected, was more in evidence in the interim statement as at 31 March, than in the final figures for the year.

Our resources have been more than usually fully employed during the period and this has resulted in somewhat higher earnings which have enabled us to absorb the constantly rising costs of running the business, to which I referred last year. While this is satisfactory as far as it goes, there is certainly no room for complacency; the trend towards mounting expenses is still very much in evidence.

In recommending a final dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. the Board is proposing to raise the distribution for the year from 8 per cent. to 9 per cent.

DON'T BECOME A VEGETABLE

Many people, on leaving school, cease to use their pens except for business and occasional letters to friends. They then begin the slow process of vegetating, becoming cabbages at the ripe old age of 35 or so. Others postpone the metamorphosis for twenty years or even longer.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,503 **Set by Barrow Boy**

The usual prizes are offered for a new rhyming street cry (limit 6 lines) for the vendor of any one of the following: nylon stockings, ice cream, hot chestnuts, clockwork toys, polythene bags, evening newspapers. Entries by *Monday*, 22 December.

Result of No. 1,500 **Set by Tom Bowling**

Farewell to my little cell
Never to see no more,
And leave all the sad heartaches
Behind the accursed door,

wrote Old Jacko on leaving Wakefield Jail. Competitors are asked to submit twelve lines of similarly moving verse composed by a banker, bookmaker, bishop, bartender, barrister, backbencher, belletrist, bum or beauty, on departure from an accustomed haunt.

Report

'Vale, vale, well-pressed bench!' began G. J. Blundell's bishop, though the line might have served for any of the list. The bishops, in fact, were well to the fore (which is only right), with the beggars close on their heels. Perhaps this has something to do with leisure, which the belles understandably had little of, and the belle-lettrists even less. Only one of these last managed to scratch up an entry, and that was from nothing more bacchic than the Reading Room of the British Museum. The beauties (like the bums), by the way, were given a personal allowance on spelling and grammar: even so, not one of them had whatever it takes to get a guinea out of the *N.S.* If the bums were by far the most poignant as they left their park benches and such—

The old paint flaking
With names deep cut,
The cold damp waking
After cold hard sleep. . . . (Peter R. Moffatt)

the barristers, on the other hand, showed the most spleen. The Temple did not seem encouraging, either, to the Muse. A banker observed

Money isn't everything,
It isn't even mine!

on leaving a haunt whereat 'wild times' in the shape of gunmen were coming all too often (Pauline Phillips). But it was the episcopal phalanx, crozier to crozier, that swept away all the rest. When it comes to prizewinning, though, you discover how much padding can go into a dozen lines. Those who kept up the pace with most manner, substance and style were Alberick and Lyndon Irving (each a guinea-and-a-half), W. G. Daish, G. Baker and Allan M. Laing (one guinea). Runners-up include Russell Edwards, Rhoda Tuck Pook, P. W. R. Foot, Peter R. Moffatt, H. A. C. Evans, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, D. R. Peddy, J. A. Lindon, R. A. Mackenzie.

BISHOP

And now goodbye to Barchester;
My home has been the Palace there
These fifteen years—a Mansion old,
Historic, vast . . . and bitter cold.

One thing that passes my poor wit is
Why pious laymen love Committees,
Time-wasting tedium I abhor;
Praise be! I shall preside no more.

My younger friends I sometimes wish
Would call me not 'My lord', but 'Bish'.
Perhaps they will, when they can see
Apron and gaiters are not ME.

ALBERICK

Farewell, you Deans and pious chaps
Whom I have known in aisle and apse;
Your faces, names, without regret,
I'll soon conveniently forget
When from this dark and damp cathedral
I fly with arms outstretched, dihedral.
No more the dreary press reports
Upon my hasty, uttered thoughts
About the cat and AID
And skirts that end above the knee.
Relieved of gaiters, mitre, crozier,
I see my future brighter, rosier.

LYNDON IRVING

BUM

Im aleavin this henouse forever
With an hobos farwel on the door
Ive et som togh chickens but never
Had poltry so stringy before
The drafts comes from hunderds of notoles
An you caint git no rest on the floor
Where it aint muck its bumps and wet potoles
An you keeps wakin up stiff an sore
Ive had the bumsrush from spekeasies
An foxoles for beds in the war
But I rackon sheds cold as deepfreezes
Is a downrite insolt to the poor.

W. G. DAISH

BOOKIE

So long! so long! the good old ring,
The Pop'lar One!
The old firm, ME, has had its fling;
Our day is done.

He'll never wave his arms no more,
Old Tic-Tac Tom;
I'll never bawl out 'Six to four!
Let 'em all come!'

In this life's stakes I've run my course,
But kept one shirt:
It's now upon another horse,
A true dead cert.

G. BAKER

BACK-BENCHER

Adieu, adieu, to that grim House
Where secretly I'd cry
Because I never had the *nous*
To catch the Speaker's eye.

Adieu that damned division bell
That haunted me in sleep;
Adieu the Whips, whose wicked spell
Turned men to timid sheep.

Adieu, the Mace, the benches green,
The bobby at the door:
Adieu the whole damned silly scene,
The Devil take the floor!

ALLAN M. LAING

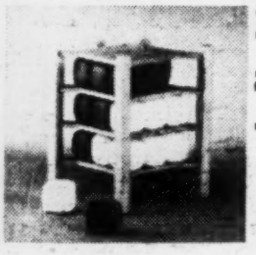
Intrigue

by return of post if you send this today to:

JUXTA GAMES, 15 Southernhay Ave., BRISTOL 8

I enclose 13/6 plus 1/6 post, please send by return

Please send me the rules free by return



LODGE

Pat. No. 797013

new, simple, complicated, fascinating cube game

my name and address is:

Peter Shaffer's *Five Finger Exercise*, published by Hamish Hamilton and reviewed in our issue of 29 November, is priced 10s. 6d.—not 19s. 6d.

The Chess Board

No. 474. The Risk of Playing Safe

I might as well stress the safety of taking risks, such as clearly illustrated by this position: /1r4k1/p2q2bp/3P2p1/4r3/2p4B/2P2Q2/P4R1P/R5K1/. White played QR-KB1, and Black, overawed by such formidable single-file array of heavy artillery, meant to play safe by . . . R-KB1; what he overlooked was that the very exchanges, meant to take the sting out of White's attack, were giving it the decisive impetus: (2) QxR ch!, BxQ; (3) RxB ch, K-Kt2; (4) R(1)-B7 ch, QxR; (5) RxQ ch, KxR; (6) P-Q7, and now that P will cost the other R, and Black will be a piece up. What he ought to have done was to plunge for the "risky" (1) . . . QxP, even though it seemed to involve the immediate loss of the exchange; he ought to have seen that the seemingly dangerous pin could be coped with by a counter-pin: (2) B-Kt3, R-Kt4; (3) K-R1, B-K4; (4) BxB, RxB; (5) Q-B7, ch, K-R1; (6) QxBP, Q-Q4 ch; (7) QxQ, RxQ, with a fairly safe draw.

This is one of the 163 equally instructive positions to be found in Fred Reinfeld's *The Secret of Tactical Chess* (*Arco*, 21s.), and here's another one, a very neat example of a tactical finesse serving the strategic purpose of establishing a lasting positional advantage: /r1b2rk1 / ppp1q1bp / 3p2p1 / 3P1p2 / 3ktP3 /2KtPB3 / PP3PPP/R2QRBK1/. By playing P-K5! White puts his opponent in a quandary. Obviously, in view of the threatened BxKt, neither the Black B nor his QP can take the cheeky P; nor can the Q, on account of the horrible "discovery" B-Kt5; on the other hand, the Black Kt is attacked anyway and, having no retreat, it must be protected by . . . P-B4; whereupon White simply pushes that cheeky P to K6, thereby establishing the substantial positional advantage of a far advanced and unassailably protected passed P.

The book is sufficiently diagrammed for the advanced player to be entertained by it without the use of a board, but the principal beneficiaries of Reinfeld's new book should be the beginners who are just about to get the proper feel for basic mating ideas and for forcing moves, and traps, and threats and counter-threats such as this one: /1r3r1k/pp5p/3bQ1p1 / 5pqkt / 3P4 / 2KtBPP1P / PP3P2 / 2R2R1K /. White is two pawns up, but his illtimed threat to the B is punished by the decisive counter-threat . . . Kt-B5; (2) PxKt (forced), QxP, and mate can be staved off only at the expense of the Q. Here, finally, is a position that may serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners, /3b1rk1/1bq3pp/5pkt1/1p2rKt2/2p1p3/2P1B2Q/1PB2PPP/R2R2K1/; a pawn ahead, Black seems safe enough, and yet White can smash him by one violently forcing move. How?

B and **C** are both wins for White, both "classics" and not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 22 December.

B: V. & M. Platov

C: Henri Rinck

REPORT on No. 471. Set 22 November

A: (20) Kt-R6 ch!, K-R1; (21) QxB!, QxQ; (22) KtxP ch etc. B: (1) Q-Q4 ch, K-Kt4 (K-B4??); (2) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt5; (3) Q-B3 ch, K-Kt4; (4) Q-Kt3 ch, B-Kt5; (5) Q-R4 ch!!, KxQ; (6) B-B6 mate.

C: (1) Kt-K3 ch, K-Kt6; (2) Q-Kt4 ch; K-B7; (3) Q-B4 ch, K-K7(8); (4) Q-KB1 ch, K-Q7; (5) Q-Q1 ch, K-B6; (6) Q-B2 ch, K-Kt5; (7) Q-Kt2 ch! (Q-Q2?), Kt-Kt6; (8) Q-R3 ch!!, KxQ; (9) Kt-B2 mate.

Dozens of correct solutions. Prizes: J. C. Anderson (of Haarlem, Holland), M. A. Anderson (of Redhill, Surrey), L. G. Buxton, B. Cafferty, J. M. Hollis, W. T. Maccall, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Metallised

The nicer part of the City – family firm, slightly amateurish, well dressed, knows everyone – still cultivates a tradition of leisure. When the columnists report that little happened on Friday in front of the weekend or that seasonal influences are exercising a quietening effect on markets, it is this tradition which shines through the jargon. First things first, of course: produce a strong enough smell of money, and neither weekends nor seasonal influences will be allowed to interfere with business. But a large part of the everyday work of the City, especially of the important section centred on the Stock Exchange, is the result of routine investment decisions made by various financial institutions. A fair number of these institutions, including most of those which the columnists would describe as setting the tone of the market, are run by or for the men of leisure. When Soames's grandson – most City traditions, like those of most public schools, begin with the Forsytes – decides that there is nothing to demand his presence in the office today, markets are quiet.

And so they are, and so British Aluminium is still the subject which most casual conversations get round to before long. Nothing very much has actually happened. We are all still waiting for Tube Investments to make its formal bid to British Aluminium shareholders – a little worried, perhaps, that Sir Ivan will get a last moment fit of the frights about what might be in that agreement with Alcoa – and to see how many shareholders accept it. While we wait, however, the whispers are circulating and the pressures are mounting, old attitudes are hardening and the uncommitted are taking sides. The press, which always exercises a certain influence on these occasions, is behaving even more oddly than usual. *The Times* has had a long, balanced and apparently meaningless leader about the affair, the *Sunday Times* has come out with an extraordinary wholehearted eulogy of everything the British Aluminium board has done, the *Evening Standard* has changed its mind from day to day, and the Pink 'Un – 'certainly 20 years of hard work gives a man as great a moral stake in a company as the investment of his savings' – has disconcertingly cut some well-trodden ground from under Peter Shore's feet.

There is, as you might expect, some difference of opinion on the matter between different City institutions, and not only between the merchant banks whose amour-propre is directly involved. Just as there is a distinction between the directors and the general managers of the joint-stock banks, so there tends to be a distinction, though a less marked one, between the approach to life of investment trusts and that of insurance companies and pension funds. The former, more influenced by the men of leisure, tend to think more in terms of people than of principle; they tend to sympathise, in this case, with those who hold that the board of British Aluminium behaved untactfully but prudently and that Alcoa is a much better business to be connected with than the proposed Tube Investments-Reynolds Metals combination. The faceless men who run the investment affairs of pension funds and insurance companies are much more impressed by the hard fact that Tubes are offering shareholders a higher price than they are likely to see otherwise for some years to come.

The issue of principle, however, is whether boards of directors should be free, as they are at present, to issue large blocks of shares without consulting shareholders. Electrical and Musical Industries, which is asking its shareholders to increase the size of the company's authorised capital, has this week assured them that it has no intention of issuing without their consent such shares as would substantially alter the control of the company – an assurance which will no doubt earn the board several marks for good conduct. In another case, however, the board seems more likely to forfeit marks than to gain them. Ditchburns, a firm of north country furniture makers, has just sent to its shareholders – some two months after the event – news of an issue it has made, prophylactically quoting the article which gives the Board power to deal with authorised but unissued share capital. It has invited employees, including working directors, to subscribe at the par price of 2s, much below the market, for £80,000 of unissued capital: the effect is to give to the directors and to any workers who took advantage of the offer about a third of the company's capital and assets at a bargain price. This sort of thing has happened before and is bound to happen from time to time while company directors possess so large a discretion to manage company affairs. When the company is relatively small and there is no institutional investor involved to behave as shareholders are supposed to behave in defence of their interests, the directors usually get away with it.

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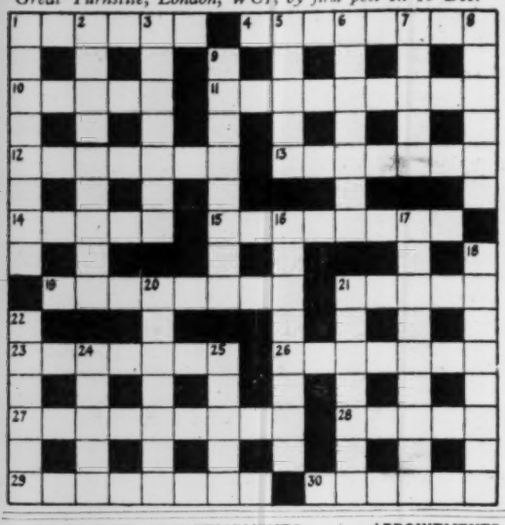
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 333, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 19 Dec.



ACROSS

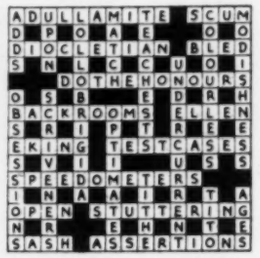
1. A soft clue for a difficult situation (6).
4. Posters showing Machin among his crazy pals (8).
10. No approvals for corners (5).
11. Everyone is surrounding the lamb-owner and shepherdess (9).
12. Servants who provide the airman with the means of entry (7).
13. Entertainer who must have a sitter in (7).
14. A sailing vessel backs water (5).
15. Subject which makes one nearly ill in school (8).
19. Theory embracing a different meteorological term (8).
21. English network back in song (5).
23. Interferes with the member in the revision of the rates (7).
26. A measure among the communists resulting in outstanding achievements (7).
27. Caught well concerning a philosopher (9).
28. Instruments which give me help in return (5).
29. Miller's died (8).
30. The place for secret laughter (6).

DOWN

1. Faithful woman who has to run away with a writer (8).
2. Award to smooth out the angry (4, 5).
3. Puts on speed and gets top marks (7).
5. If beheaded this animal would do for a vegetarian (5).
6. Wolves make the shy upset about nothing (7).
7. The car bowls along (5).
8. 'A ministering angel shall my —— be' (*Hamlet*) (6).
9. Service measure for slaughter (8).
16. Having a high opinion of a sailor I pursue with proof of engagement (8).
17. The ammunition to carry over the range (9).
18. Comrade in confusion before the end of the game (8).
20. Ancient Greek who had arguments about the universal (7).
21. Fraction which may be claimed (7).
22. Sells flowers (6).
24. Lesson which is nearly all unwritten (5).
25. The cap is transformed into a star (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 331



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THE London County Council invites applications for appointment as Deputy Children's Officer. This is a new position intended to relieve the Children's Officer of some of the administrative side of the work of the department, including casework. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience within scale £1,950×£100–£2,250 a year. The position is permanent and pensionable. The person selected will be required: (i) to co-ordinate the administrative work of the department as a whole and to see that all the department's activities are carried in the proper casework perspective; (ii) to ensure that proper support is given to and proper control exercised over the development of the department's casework, which it is proposed to expand; (iii) to advise on the development of child-care policy from an administrative point of view in the light of statistical trends, etc.; and (iv) to develop a close liaison with other departments of the Council engaged in related work. Further particulars and application form (to be returned by Monday, 29 December, 1958) obtainable from Clerk of the Council (CL/G), County Hall, London, SE1 (2410).

NATIONAL Temperance Hospital (General Hospital, 158 beds), Hampstead Road, NW1. Almoner (certificated) required in January for Surgical In- and Out-Patients. Applications, stating age, qualifics. and exp., together with names and addresses of 2 refs., to reach Hospital Secretary by 22 Dec. 1958

SCIENTIFIC Publishers (London) have a full-time editorial vacancy for a young man or woman with a degree in Chemistry or its equivalent. Some experience of editorial work, though not essential, would be an advantage. Apply Box 4527.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MEDICAL Officer required by BBC to act as Assistant (full-time) to the Medical Adviser. Duties cover a wide field and will include examination of staff, advice on physical working conditions and on problems with a medical aspect, correspondence and discussions with doctors treating members of staff and attendance at meetings where a medical point of view is required. Wide and varied clinical experience essential, experience in Industrial Medicine and a higher medical qualification an advantage. Preferred age 35-45, but consideration given to those outside it where qualifications are particularly strong. Starting salary within range £2,000 to £2,500 p.a. according to experience and qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.920 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

BBC requires Design Assistant, Television, in Cardiff. Candidates should have architectural and art training. Quick and accurate draughting and accurate colour perception essential. Some knowledge of general light constructional methods an advantage. Account taken of creative ability, perspective and visual drawings. Salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,160 p.a. max. Requests for appln. forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.918 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Male) required by Ministry of Supply, Clothing and Stores Experimental Establishment, Farnborough, Hants, to work in Applied Psychology Section on design of military equipment aiming at greatest efficiency, comfort and safety in its operation. 1st, or 2nd class honours degree with psychology as main subject, or equivalent qualification, required. Science or engineering background desirable. Salary Scale £555 (age 21) to £895 (age 30) to £1,180. Candidates under 30 can later compete for pensionable posts. Application forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting G.409/8A. Closing date 23 December, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Chair of Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above Chair. Salary £A3,500 p.a. The successful applicant will be required to take up duty as early as possible in 1960, as the present holder of the Chair, Professor A. C. Fox, will retire in December, 1959. Conditions of appointment and general information about the University are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 January, 1959.

LONDON County Council. Experienced Social Workers preferably with Social Science qualification required for permanent appointment as Assistant Local Organisers under Mental Deficiency Acts. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. Salary £592 10s.–£792 10s., commencing point according to quals and experience, abated commencing salary for persons under 24. Apply Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/2389), County Hall, SE1. Forms returnable by 22 Dec.

CAREERS Problems Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. WEL. 8017.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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FELLOWSHIPS, etc.—continued

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Further information and details of the method of application are obtainable from The Secretary, Overseas Scholarships, Leverhulme Research Awards, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4. The closing date is 15 January 1959.

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COACH wanted in Chemistry for third-former Grammar School. Box 4981.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: 26 Dec. Xmas Weekend Party; 29 Dec.-5 Jan. The Riddle of Living Language. (Checkendon 221)

AFRICAN Christmas Cards to help the S.A. Institute of Race Relations. 6d. and 1s. 6d. each. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, London, NW6.

STILL time for Christmas at 'The Friary', Maker, Millbrook, Plymouth. Family party. Tree, presents, wine, log-fires. 8½ gns. 24-28 Dec. Write or phone Millbrook 483.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St. WC2

A FRIENDLY, informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. for programme to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

HOSPITALITY Club. Members meet in private houses and flats for informal parties. Applics for membership by letter only to Miss Hay, 43 Nevern Square, SW5.

A WORTHWHILE holiday. Responsible men and women with hostelling experience required to lead hostelling tours for young people—walking, cycling and other activities—in the United Kingdom, summer, 1959. Details from: Home Tours Dept (L), Youth Hostels Association, Trevelyan House, St Albans, Herts.

POEMS by W. B. Yeats, spoken according to his own directions: with 'Poems for 'Several Voices': a new Jupiter 10in. LP recording, 29s. 'Something magical' – The Poetry Review. Also 'The Jupiter Anthology of 20th Century English Poetry' on two 12in. LP, 39s. each. Edith Sitwell, John Betjeman, C. Day Lewis, Henry Reed and other poets reading their own poetry. Post 1s. 6d. for one record, 2s. for two, 2s 3d. for three. Jupiter Recordings, Ltd, Dept 4, 22B Ebury St, London, SW1.

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

IMPECUNIOUS But Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research. All kinds. Box 4463.

IT'S an old Spanish custom (and an English one, too) to drink and serve Amontillado sherry. Perfect choice is El Cid. That's the Amontillado with the authentic Spanish flavour the English like.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

SPEAK Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Tel. Setogni, WEL. 7411/2, for details.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

HOMOSEXUAL Law Reform Society, which has been said to have 'the most distinguished Honorary Committee of any cause', welcomes help from all who support its aims. Details from The Secretary, Room 29, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PERSONAL—continued

INTERPRET for foreign holidays. 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Co., 10 Bayley Street, WC1. MUS. 7223.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money. Personal coaching by top TV scriptwriters. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

CHINESE exquisite hand embroidered pillow cases. White 20×30in. Four for only 27s. Post 1s. 6d. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd (Dept 18), 1/3 Stoke Newington Rd, London, N16.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd., 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods, etc.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR?

Are you at a loose end and want suggestions for a cheerful Christmas or New Year holiday ski-ing in Austria or Switzerland, or if you are a non-skier, would you like to enjoy yourself at our Christmas party in Vienna or at one of our Christmas or New Year parties in England? For detailed suggestions contact

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BALLET – a new book with a new approach. Detailed accounts of music as well as action of nearly 200 ballets; 50 photos; individual consideration of composers, conductors, leading dancers, choreographers and ballet companies; discography. Composers, conductors and critics of music and ballet contribute. The Decca Book of Ballet – a gift to take the breath away – 63s. – from your bookseller or record dealer.

'ARTIST, Critic & Teacher' Contribrs: Lindsay Anderson, Kenneth Tynan, Brian Groombridge, John Berger, Christopher Logue. Illus. 40 pp. booklet. 2s. 6d. From: John Morley, 1 Cambalt Road, SW15, or booksellers.

'THE Coal Crisis and the Miner', by Will Paynter; 'Memories of the Reichstag Fire Trial', by D. N. Pritt, QC; 'Plain Words on Tests', by Quaestor. In Labour Monthly, post free 1s 8d, or 9s half-yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

LE Livre Français s'achète chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

SCHOOLS

SIBFORD School, nr Banbury, Oxon, is a co-educational boarding school of 220 children run by the Society of Friends (Quakers). The School is expanding and applications from non-Quakers are welcomed and are now being considered for admission to the School for September, 1959, and 1960. A comprehensive curriculum is offered with a five-year course from age 11 to GCE 'O' level. 'Border liners' specially considered. Good transfer facilities to other Friends' Schools or local grammar schools for those wishing to take advanced work. The School is noted for the wide education offered, and its tradition of Art, Crafts and Music taken in GCE with the usual academic subjects. Small classes. The School is delightfully situated in quiet Cotswold country. Boarding fee £249 p.a. Applications for 1959 should be made before 28 February 1959 to the Headmaster, from whom a prospectus can be obtained. Interviews and inspection of the new building plans invited.

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COVENT GARDEN
THE ROYAL BALLET

15 Dec. at 7.30 & 20 Dec. at 2.0. Le Lac des Cygnes
17 Dec. at 7.30. Ondine
23, 27 Dec. at 7.30 & 26, 27 Dec. at 2.0. Cinderella

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

16 & 19 Dec. at 7.0 Der Rosenkavalier
18 & 22 Dec. at 7.30. Turandot
20 Dec. at 7.30 Samson
26 Dec. at 7.0 Aida (in Italian)
COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TER. 1672

16, 18 & 27 Dec. (evgs) Schwanda the Bagpiper.
17, 20, 23 & 26 Dec. (evgs.) The Merry Widow
19 Dec. (evg) & 26 & 27 Dec. (mats) Hanzel & Gretel

Evgs 7.30. 26 & 27 Dec. 2.30

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fri. 8, Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'The Devil Peter'. Members.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 3-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt & free magazine.

TH. Royal, E15. Mar. 5973. Lst pfs tdy. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's The Hostage.

TOWER. 7.30, 12, 13 (Mems. 14) Dec. 'The Lunatic View'. 18, 19, 20 Dec. 'The Queen and the Rebels'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Mother Courage,' by Bertolt Brecht. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.30. Mems.

CONCERTS

CHURCH of St Clement Danes, Strand, WC2, Wed. 17 December at 8 p.m. Christmas Recital by Hampstead Choral Society. Goldsbrough Orchestra. Bach – Handel – Palestrina – Martindale – Sidwell (organ). Barbara Hill (harpischord continuo). Adm. by programme at the door, 5s.

BETHLEHEM by Rutland Boughton. Stage production with Margaret Ritchie, full Chorus, Soloists & Orchestra. Mon. & Tues., 15 & 16 Dec., 7.30. St. Pancras Town Hall. Conductors: James Robertson (15 Dec.), Alan G. Melville (16 Dec.). Tkts: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & St. Pancras Public Libraries.

TUESDAY, 16 December at 7 p.m. St James's Church, Piccadilly. A Christmas recital by the Renaissance Singers. Palestrina: Missa Aeterna Christi Munera. Jacob Handl: Te Deum laudamus and Mediaeval Carols. Admission by programme 4s. at the door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 14 Dec.: Polish masterpiece 'Kanal' (X). From 15 Dec. Farewell performance of Carné's 'Quai des Brumes' (A) with Gabin, Brasseur, Michele Morgan, Michel Simon.

ROXY. BAY. 2345, Wk c. 14 Dec. 7 days. Julie Harris, 'I am a Camera', Raymond Pellegrin, 'Law of the Streets'. (X.)

LEWISHAM FS. The Lady Vanishes. 7.45 18 Dec. Catford Tn Hall. RAV. 2461.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat., 13 Dec., 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s and their guests 5s.

LYFC Christmas Ball, Sat. 13 Dec., 8 p.m. Holborn Assembly Rooms, Johns Mews, Northington St, WC1.

VICTORY for Socialism. Annual Dance, Queensway Hall, Queensway, W2. Saturday, 13 December, 7.30 to 11 p.m. Licensed Bar. Everybody welcome. Admission 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions for Christmas, large ones £3 to £4, small 14s. 3d., from all good print shops. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Picture Fair 7. Buy a ticket for 15 gns. and win a William Scott. Closing date and draw 17 December. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Closed Suns. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Exhibition of 'Mille Gravures en Couleurs'. Hours 10-6 inc. Sats. Until 10 Jan.

'GRISELDA' by Sir William Russell Flint, RA. PRWS. Prints, Picture Framing. Open all day Sat. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Tel. FRE. 3328.

LEICESTER Galleries' Exhibitions. Paintings by Ghika, Thelma Hulbert, Maxwell Armfield & Alexander Ballard. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Till 17 Dec.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Eugene Boudin Retrospective Exhibition in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Adm. 2s. 6d. & 1s. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-12.30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ULR – Graphic Art by painters and sculptors. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1, every day 10-midnight until 28 December.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jackson Pollock Retrospective 1912-1956. Last three days. Today & Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GEORGE Stubbs: Rediscovered Anatomical Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last day. Open 10-6. Admission 1s.

PAINTINGS from The Urvater Collection, Brussels. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes Tomorrow. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s 6d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings, Fusaro (first English exhibition). Line drawings, Mervyn Peake. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Pictures by English and French Artists.

ZWEMMER'S, Litchfield St, WC2. Bauchant, Buffet, Epstein, Matisse, Picasso, Raza, Sutherland, Underwood, Vlaminck.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Ceramics by Campavias. Paintings by Maurer.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Lutka Pink. 16 December-7 January. Daily 10-6 exc. Suns.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi – Sculpture. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 8-20 Dec., Frederick Palmer, Althea McNish, Victor Keeling. 10-6, 10-1 Saturday.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Water-colour Drawings by Alicia Boyle. Hrs 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ST George's Gallery: The Sailing Boat Suite: 6 new relief & lino prints by Michael Rothenstein. Also gouache drawings, until 3 Jan. 7 Cork St, W1. REGent 3660.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Helen Watson. 30 Nov.-28 Dec.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities and Left Review Club
'DR ZHIVAGO' – MICHAEL KULLMAN AND ALISDAIRE MacINTYRE
The Marquee (next to Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 15 Dec. 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

ULR Tuesday Forum. John Hatch, 'The Cyprus Dilemma', Tues. 16 Dec., 1 p.m. at The Partisan, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

CENT. London Fabian Soc. 'Contemporary US attitudes to Foreign Affairs'. Christopher Rowland, Wed., 17 Dec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 7.30. Vis. 2s. 6d.

'ISRAEL and America – A New Appraisal'. Lecture on Monday, 15 December, 8 p.m., by: Jon Kimche, Esq. (Editor, Jewish Observer & Middle East Review). Friends House (Garden Entrance), Euston Road, NW1. Chair: J. Halevy, Esq., MSc. Arranged by Zionist Federation.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Architecture. America's Crystal Palaces. A survey by Ian McCallum. Chairman: Peter Smithson. Tuesday, 16 December, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

TALKS on the Theatre for Young People: 29 December, 'Larger than Life . . .'?; 2 Jan.. 'Television Theatre'; 5 Jan., 'The Method'; 7 Jan., Visit to Arts Theatre. Apply British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 12 Dec., 8 p.m. Prof. Nadezda Gorodetsky: 'Questions of Russian Literature'. Last mtg before Xmas.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 14 December, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m., F. H. Amphlett Micklewright: 'From Christianity to Humanism'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 14 Dec. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'The Winter of our Discontent'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SCR Play Reading: Mayakovsky's 'The Bug' on Tues., 16 Dec., 7.30 p.m. at 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s.

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London). Discussion meeting Thursday, 18 December, 7.30 p.m., Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Dr David Pitt on 'West Indian Progress'. Admission 1s.

INDIAN Communists, Sajjad Zaheer on 'Recent Congress of Indian Communist Party', Sat., 13 Dec., 7 p.m., Holborn Hall Small Room, Gray's Inn Road.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 20 December at 6 p.m. M. Jean Driant: Chansons françaises.

'WILLIAM Morris & Old Norse Literature', a talk by Mr John Swannell. Prince Henry's Room, 17 Fleet Street, EC4, 6.30 p.m. Thurs., 18 December. Admission Free. Arranged by the William Morris Society.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 19 Dec. 8.30 p.m. 'The Shadow Play in India and SE Asia'. Mrs J. M. Francis Jones. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussions, S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 16 Dec. F. H. A. Micklewright, MA, 'Jesus – The Viewpoint of Modern Scholarship'.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, 14 December. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Discourse, Rev. G. E. Neely: 'Advent for the Pacifist'.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture. Sun., 14 Dec., 8 p.m. 'Psychology of the Ancients'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

'PRIORITIES in Education', Fabian New Year School, 2-4 Jan. Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Details: 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB), ACP and LCP Diplomas, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283, Oxford Street, W1 – HYDe Park 6524 – Intensive Secretarial Courses start 5 January – Small Groups – remarkable results. Also Modern Language Courses and English for Continentals – Hampstead residence.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod fees, instalments. Prosp. from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, 'phone GER. 8782.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Leningrad Univ. grad. E.R. 31 Mowbray Rd, NW6.

RUSSIAN lessons and board. Rodzianko, 7 rue Felix-Fauré, Paris 15, France.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

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ST John's Wd. New dec. divan rm, heating. 3½ gns. Another 3 gns. MAI. 2848.

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THIRD girl wanted flat. Own room. 6 Wymering Mansions, W9, after five.

NO snags. Bright contemp. b/s., use kit., £2 15s. GLA. 2624 evgs/wkend.

LARGE well-furn. room. Service, linen, 2½ gns. Central. One gent. MAC. 1755.

NEW youth hostel opening 1 January, 1959, 31 Kilburn Park Road, London, NW6. Male and Female accommodation, cooking facilities. Rates from 30s. weekly or 6s. nightly. Sponsored by the Labour Party and ancillary organisations. Bookings to the Secretary, Home and Overseas Hostels Society, Transport House, Smith Sq., SW1.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

WELL-furn. b/s., modern quiet clean hse, c.h.w., linen & cleang. HAM. 8698.

TO let: furn. dble & sgle b/sit. rms. H. & c., ckg facs. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

SHARE-a-Flat, 175 Piccadilly, W1. HYD 2545. The right person or the right flat

LOVELY room with charming family, Hampstead, offd to nice lady stud., against 2-3 hrs light hsework 5 days p.w. PRI. 6988

SHARE new flat 4 rms, kit., bath, with Grad. Stud., Accountant. Avail. mid-Jan £9 month & ⅓rd share elec. SE4. Box 4894.

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HAMPSTEAD. 2/3 furn./part-furn. rooms, kit., bathrm, garden. £5 10s./£7 10s. Baby-sit. preferred. PRImrose 2016.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

HIGHGATE, furn. flat, 3 rms, kit., bath, sep. w.c. 6 gns. p.w. Box 4965.

SINGLE b/s room in quiet, pleasant 1st floor flat. Belsize Park Gdns. PRI. 2354.

ASCOT: unfurnished s/c. flat, 4 rooms, k. & b., tel. 3 yrs from Xmas. £200 per annum ex. rates. Box 4966.

MOD. well-built Chelsea Studio, smallish, suitable painter – residential. Will exchange for larger studio, flat, etc., with north or roof light, however dilapidated. Chelsea area. SPE. 5904 or write Box 4962.

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YOUNG Architect reqs accommodation for herself and daughter (at Day Nursery) for 3 months – Regents Pk area. Box 4911.

ARCHITECT/Artist reqs workrm/studio for 6 mths (live elsewhere). Box 4800.

S/C sisters, 1 young (early 20s), one old (later 20s), req. s/c. unfurn./part-furn. flat (3 rooms, k. b.) in any (non-U, even non-NS or culture-free) area. Box 4969.

ARCHITECT and wife req. pied à terre from first week January. Away weekends. Ckng facil. Canonbury, Kensington, Chelsea, WC1. About £3 10s. p.w. Box 4873.

MOTOR Cyclist would like to join another who has flat to share and, if possible, covered acc. for m/c. Box 4900.

RESEARCH Student seeks flat, Central London, 20 Dec.-10 Jan. Box 4988.

UNIVERSITY lecturer 35, seeks share flat or furnished room with use of bath & kitchen. Central. SLO. 7771.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BETTY Hope's Unique Boutique, 19 Beauchamp Place, SW3, for attractive & useable presents. S.a.e. for illustrated list.

MONEY short? For presents that are different, at bargain prices, try the Hampstead Daily Worker Bazaar, Finchley Road Baths, Saturday, 13 December, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: threepence.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Old Prints and Caricatures, Contemporary Prints, Pottery & Xmas Cards, Picture Hire Gift Tokens.

XMAS Cards, Pottery, Prints. Open all day Saturday. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Tel. FRE. 3328.

DISCURIO has just compiled the most fabulous Christmas gift list for music lovers—200 suggestions from a Penguin score at half a crown to a complete Stereosound outfit at 69 gns; records, hi-fi, musical instruments, books, autographs, etc. 9 Shepherd St, Shepherd Market, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

INDIAN silk gauze scarves, 32in. × 32in., 7s. 6d.; stoles 72in. × 20in., 12s. 6d.; ivory necklaces, 17s. 6d.; filigree brooches, 17s. 6d., postage inclusive. Prakash, 52 York St, W1.

AS played in Boston, Brixton and the Balkans – Lodge: intriguing 3-dimensional black and white cube game for two. 13s. 6d. plus 1s. 6d. post or rules free from Juxta Games, 15 Southernhay Ave., Bristol 8.

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